ENTERTAINMENT FOR **MEN**

PLAYBOY

JANUARY, 1954

50c

HOLIDAY ISSUE

NUDES by de DIENES

dear playboy

Address PLAYBOY, 6052 S. Harper Ave., Chicago 37, Illinois

KIND WORDS

At last — a men's magazine with something more sophisticated inside than articles on guns and ancient automobiles. Not since the thirties has there been a publication a guy with city interests could really sink his teeth into. Here's wishing you a long and prosperous lifetime.

Bob Johnson
New York, N. Y.

Allow me to congratulate you on the first issue of PLAYBOY. It is the type of magazine I've been watching for. Keep it like the first issue and you'll have a steady customer. Marilyn Monroe (was) superb, magnificent — though I prefer the long haired, black headed type. But I feel sure you will cater to all tastes in each issue. Just pattern them after your first issue and you will have it made.

Sincere success to those responsible for PLAYBOY, from one of the multitude.

E. Vonkleeck
Atlanta, Ga.

Thanks. The PLAYBOY *Playmate in this issue should please your ungentlemanly preference for brunettes.*

Thanks for helping to put the humor back in sex. It has been a long time since I enjoyed anything as much as your first issue of PLAYBOY. I was beginning to think sex had become something sacred that couldn't be kidded. Your magazine, following on the heels of the wonderful film, *The Moon Is Blue,* renews my hope that we may yet overcome the prudes and pressure groups and get suitable adult entertainment for adults and children's entertainment for children without feeling the two have to be synonymous.

Clarence Moore
New York, N. Y.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I suppose most of your first-issue mail will be on Marilyn Monroe. Well. I enjoyed her a lot, along with most of your other features, but I liked

your introduction to Sherlock Holmes most of all. I've been reading and enjoying the new cases that *Collier's* has been printing and now I'm really looking forward to your series of his most famous adventures.

James M. Spivak
Madison, Wisconsin

SUBSCRIPTIONS

I really enjoyed the first issue of PLAYBOY and am anxiously awaiting the next. Is it possible to subscribe to your magazine?

Ed Crawford
Chicago, Ill.

It sure is. You can become a Charter Subscriber at the special rates listed in The Men's Shop on page 5.

VIP

PLAYBOY is great and your cartoon spread by Virgil Partch was the best of all, but will you please explain that bathtub gag. I guess I'm simple, but I don't get it.

Frank Crosley
Cleveland, Ohio

Man in the apartment below has installed a glass bottom in bathtub for worm's eye view of female bather. Silly idea, really. Should've installed two-way mirror, so he could see babe without being seen.

MISS GOLD-DIGGER

The fellow who wrote that story on alimony for you sure knows what he's talking about. I'm one of the victims of *Miss Gold-digger*. I married a home town girl a few months after I got out of service. Two-and-a-half years later she decided we'd made a mistake. She left me, took our baby with her, and though we haven't spent a night together in four years, I'm still supporting them both.

Mike L. Henderson
St. Louis, Mo.

Nice timing. With the John Wayne and Bobo Rockefeller settlement fiascoes breaking in the newspapers at the same time, your alimony story (*Miss Gold-digger of* 1953) really hit the nail on the head. A buddy of mine had to continue supporting his ex-wife for three years while she ran around with every guy in town. He finally got let off the hook when she caught another sucker. And from the looks of things now, it's going to be the same merry-go-round for him.

Marshall Kerr
Washington, D. C.

That *Miss Gold-digger* article in your first issue was the most biased piece of tripe I've ever read. Most men are out for just one thing. If they can't get it any other way, sometimes they consent to marry the girl. Then they think they can brush her off in a few months and move on to new pickings. They *ought* to pay, and pay, and pay.

Muriel Bordon
Memphis, Tenn.

Ah, shaddup!

ALL-PURPOSE BACKS

Naturally, your article on Red Grange went over big here in Illiniland. Incidentally, we've a couple of all-purpose backs on campus right now that are threatening to out-ghost the *Ghost* in their very first varsity season.

Halfback Mickey Bates has scored eleven touchdowns in seven games, with two games left to beat Grange's season record of thirteen.

Halfback J. C. (for nothing) Caroline has already broken Red's top season rushing record with two games still remaining.

At the beginning of the season, the Fighting Illini were slated for the Big 10 cellar by most sports prognosticators. With Bates and Caroline setting the pace, the nearly all Sophomore team is now rated one of the best in the nation and, at this writing, a top contender for Rose Bowl honors.

A. M. Williams
Champaign, Illinois

MARILYN

I'd seen so many pictures of Marilyn Monroe, I thought I was getting tired of the girl. But that *au naturel* picture of yours got me back in line in a hurry. Incidentally, I enjoyed the story along with it, too. Have you got any unpinned pin-up shots of Jane Russell laying around in your file?

Walter Ross
Huston, Texas

We'll put a research man on it right away and see what we can dig up, Wally.

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THE MEN'S SHOP

This attractive lamp shade is really a TV antenna. If you've an old-style, indoor antenna, replace it with this modern lamp. Shades available in red, green or chartreuse. Lamp and shade complete and ready to connect to your TV set, $12.95.

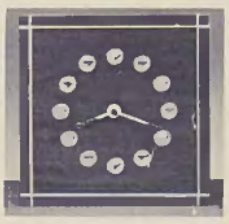
A Fiberglass ice bucket with a can-can girl design by famous artist Jaro Fabry that will please any playboy. It holds 2½ quarts (2 trays of cubes) for 24 hours. $10.00.

A portable tape recorder and player for use at home or office. Records conversations, singing, music with unusual clarity. It's grand fun at parties and can be used for business dictation. This model is available in two speeds — #903 plays at 3¾" per second — #907 at 7½" per second. It's maufactured by Crescent Industries and approved by Underwriters Laboratories. Plugs into any 110-120 volt A.C. outlet. The full price, just $99.50, and that includes a ceramic mike, reel of tape and an extra reel. Very nice.

Ted Saucier's "Bottoms Up" is the last word in drink books. It includes hundreds of fabulous drinks selected from the finest bars around the world. This volume is handsomely bound and illustrated to a playboy's taste. Besides innumerable sketches by Russell Patterson like the one on the right, the book includes a dozen full page, full color nudes by some of the nation's top artists, along with recipes for their favorite drinks. James Montgomery Flagg's *American Beauty* on page 34 of this issue is just a sample. Greystone Press is the publisher. $7.50 is the price.

A smartly styled, king-size shoe horn for slipping on the footwear without doing bending exercises. It's 17 inches long, with a Lucky Horseshoe hook holder on the end. This Royal Horn is available in 22K Gold Plate, $7.50; Silverplate, $5.00; Chrome, $3.75.

A very clever electric clock for the sportsman. The face is tile — the numbers, mounted flies (the real McCoy). This piece will add the finishing touch to a mister's room or den. $25.00.



The casual suede jacket so popular this season. Lightweight with hand-picked edges. The two-button model illustrated is $55.00, or you may prefer the one-button model for $50.00, or the wrap-around for $57.00. Be sure to include your jacket size with order.

The *Memo-Roo* for your desk or telephone stand. This black, wrought iron character comes complete with memo pad and pencil. He'll also hold your cigarette pack (regular or king-size) in his pouch and his arms will grip a match book. Just $2.00.

Smart, automatic-folding coffee and cocktail tray. Finished in ebony, mahogany, natural, red or Salem. Assorted prints: "Off to the Chase"; "Awaiting the Call"; "On the Banks of the Scheldt"; "Queen of the Seven Seas"; "Red Coat Inn"; "Foaming Waters" (ocean); or no print at all. Alcohol resistant. Size: 27⅜" x 17" x 21" high. A very attractive piece of furniture, $25.00.

Here's an inexpensive brother to the Silent Valet we displayed in this column last month. It keeps your entire suit neat as can be; holds your change, keys and papers, too. In mahogany, blonde or walnut, this model is just $14.50.

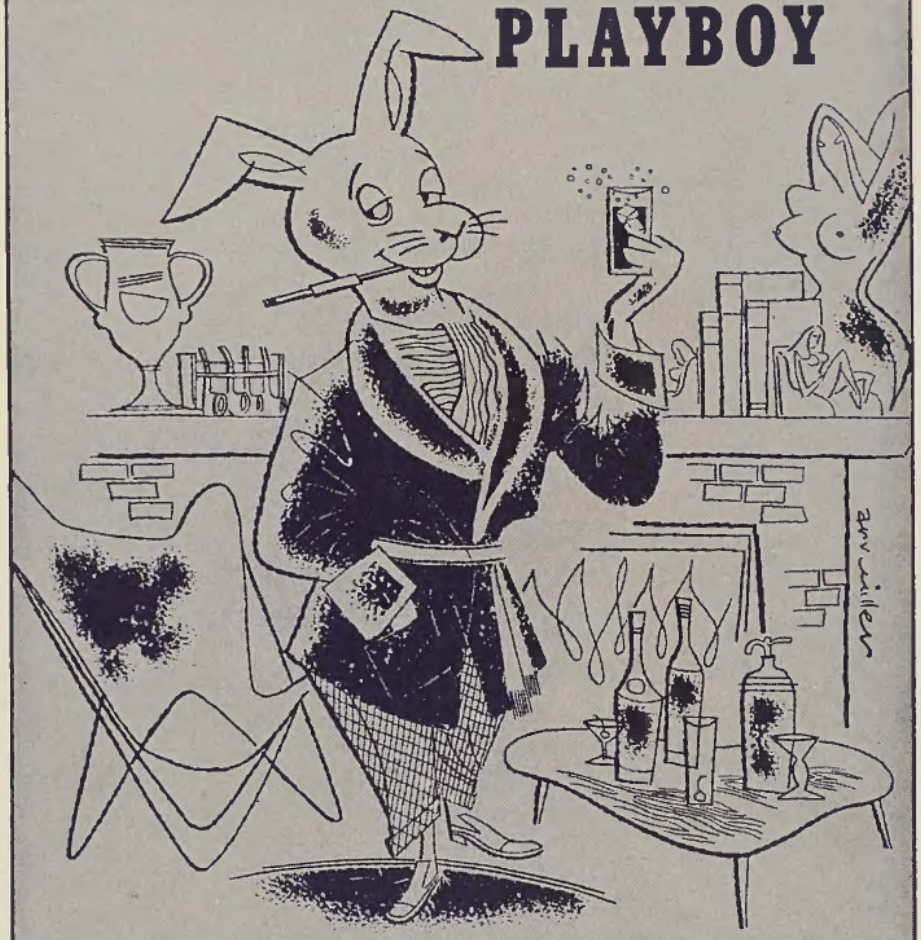
If you'll pardon the vanity, we'd like to suggest a subscription to PLAYBOY as an ideal gift for friend, or for yourself, for that matter. A full year of PLAYBOY pleasure is $6; two years is $10; and three years just $13.

An automobile key knife that serves as a handy pocket knife and also provides lock-out insurance should your regular set of automobile keys be accidentally locked inside your car. The solid brass key blank is quickly and easily cut to fit. Include the make and year of your automobile so that the proper key blank can be supplied. If you send the manufacturer's key number with your order, the key will be cut without additional charge. $1.39.

A martini mixer that really rings the bell, if you'll excuse the pun. A hand blown crystal bowl mounted on a hand spun, solid brass, true tone bell with clapper. A truly distinctive mixer, in 70 ounce size, $12.50, or 21 ounce size, $9.50. The drink-bell design is also available in cocktail glasses and pilsners at $15.00 per dozen.

for CHRISTMAS give

PLAYBOY



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PLAYBOY

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HUGH M. HEFNER, editor and publisher

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HUMOR

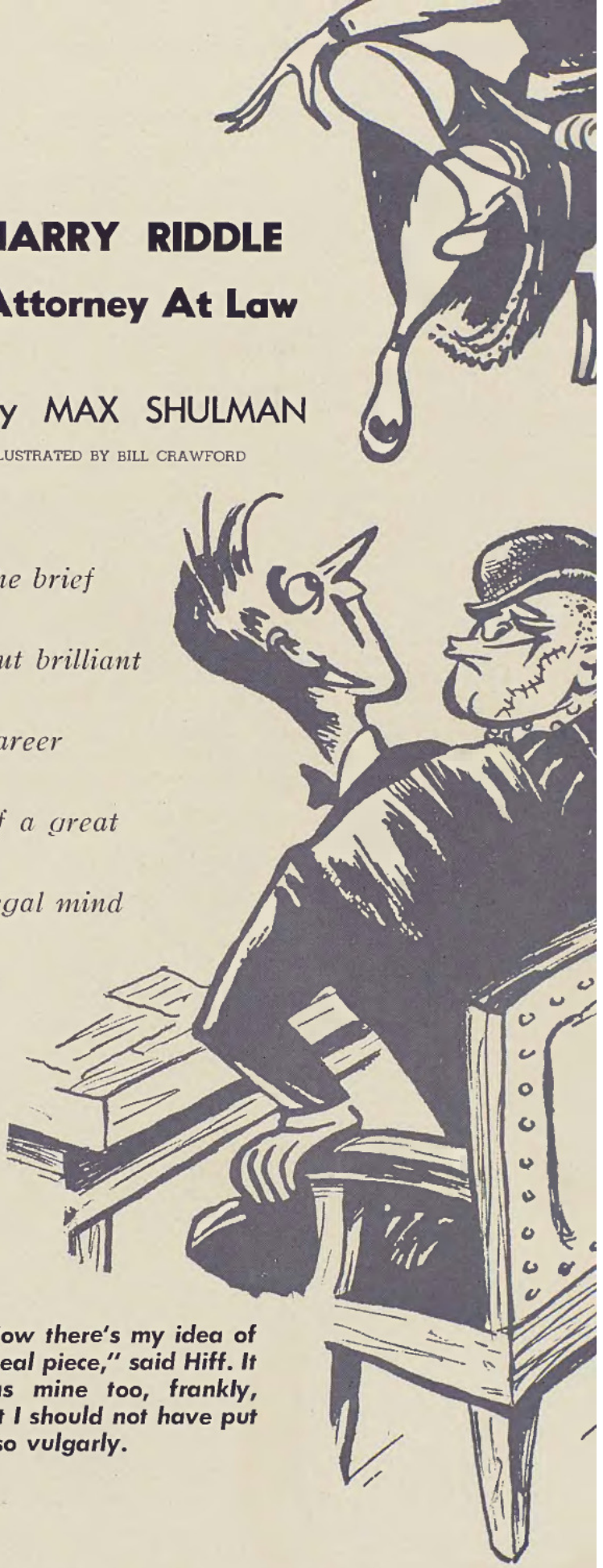
HARRY RIDDLE

Attorney At Law

by MAX SHULMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL CRAWFORD

the brief but brilliant career of a great legal mind



"Now there's my idea of a real piece," said Hiff. It was mine too, frankly, but I should not have put it so vulgarly.

MY name is Harry Riddle. I am a sensitive, retiring person. Even as a boy this was true. I remember numerous times when the neighborhood children would say to me, "Come on, Harry. We're going out and hold up a filling station," and I would answer, not unkindly, "No, thanks, fellows. I'm going to stay home and read."

I suppose I missed a great deal by not participating in these normal activities of childhood. Certainly I should have been better prepared for the hurly-burly of later life. But somehow I could not find it in myself to join my young colleagues in their robust games. Occasionally I would try. Once, I recall, I let myself be persuaded to accompany my friends on a purse-snatching expedition. I seized the handbag of an elderly lady, but she tripped me with her crutch and held me by the collar until the police came — a matter of forty minutes.

On that occasion, I remember, my mother knocked me insensible. My father said nothing, but I could tell he was displeased.

My father and I are a great deal alike, he, too, being a sensitive, retiring person. He, in fact, retired in 1924, a victim of technological unemployment. Dad, as I like to call him, is a capmaker by profession. When men unaccountably stopped wearing caps after the Coolidge election, he was thrown out of work and has not worked since. He has not, however, lost hope that this current hat fad will pass.

Dad and I are, as I said, a great deal alike, but Mother (my mother) is a horse of a different color, she should excuse the expression. She is a hale, extroverted woman, given to bursts of temper. Many is the time Dad and I have fled, laughing, from the house with great, running welts on the backs of our heads.

Mother always carried a darning egg in the toe of a long black stocking, and she would hit us with it when she grew angry. A short while ago, when I was visiting her, I twitted her good-naturedly about the darning egg, and she hit me with it again. They had to take stitches.

It must not be supposed that my home was a scene of continual violence. No indeed. At night, when Mother went downtown to scrub floors, Dad and I would sit and have long, tranquil discussions. Even as a boy my thoughts were of a cosmic nature. Whither are we drifting? I would wonder. What is the world coming to? Is there hope for mankind? What can I best do to fulfill my destiny as an American and a human being? All these questions would tumble from my lips as Dad listened patiently, rocking back and forth in his chair. (The chair, incidentally, was not a rocker; its two front legs were missing.) "What's the answer?" I would demand. "What must I do?"

"You must do like I tell ya," he would reply. His speech was rough; he had had no education except in what I like to call the School of Hard Knocks. "Get rich boy," he would say, filling his corncob pipe with cigarette butts I had collected for him during the day. "Get rich, boy. Then sleep till noon and screw 'em all."

I have often thought of having a small volume of Dad's aphorisms printed. When good vellum is available again, perhaps I shall.

Far into the night Dad would speak to me, and I would listen intently, grasping, in spite of my tender years, the full import of his wise advice. When Dad told me to get rich, he meant that I should accumulate large sums of money. Boy though I was, I understood that.

We would talk and talk until Dad dozed off and toppled from his chair. I would carry him to his pallet and tuck him in. Then I would retire to my own pallet and think about getting rich until my little eyelids grew heavy and closed in sleep. Sometimes I would read a book on how to increase your income. *Up Your Bracket*, it was called.

And in the mornings there was school. School! Here I came into my own. Positions were reversed; I was the leader, not the laggard, among the other children. In neighborhood games like Squish (dropping safes on policemen) they were admittedly better than I, but in school it was different. I read better, drew (*continued on page* 8)

From the novel SLEEP TILL NOON, published by Doubleday & Co. Inc. Copyright 1950 by Max Shulman. Reprinted with permission of Harold Matson.

HARRY RIDDLE (*continued from page 7*)

better, sang better. I knew all the answers to all the questions. I got the highest marks. All this was a great satisfaction to me, and not one whit lessened by the fact that the other children took off my trousers and threw them on top of a passing bus every day after school.

Almost as much as I am beholden to my father for guidance, I am in the debt of Miss Spinnaker, my sixth-grade teacher, whom I credit with instilling in me my great thirst for learning. Let me hasten to state that all my other teachers were also fine, upstanding women, and they taught me a good deal in their classes. But they were inclined to be abrupt with me when I dropped in at their homes in the evening to discuss the day's lessons.

Not so Miss Spinnaker. She welcomed me with great enthusiasm whenever I called. On each visit we would take up a different topic: names of state capitals, deciduous trees, game fish of North America, the decimal system, the lyric poems of Longfellow, and similar subjects. She would ask me questions, holding me on her lap and fondling me with innocent abandon as I recited. In accordance with her wishes, I fondled her too. Afterward, hot and tired, we would have tall glasses of ginger beer.

My mother broke in on us one night and hit us both with her darning egg. I never went to Miss Spinnaker's home again, although we remained the best of friends and fondled one another amicably when we met in the corridor at school.

I was graduated high in my class at grammar school, and I finished with equal distinction in high school. Then I went out to look for a job. At this time I was eighteen years old, slender, fair, and, in all modesty, not unattractive. My clothes were patched but clean, and my appearance was of a type to inspire confidence in a prospective employer. You may be sure that I soon found a responsible position: bus boy in an all-night cafeteria.

The years I worked in the cafeteria, I can honestly say, are among the most cherished in my life. Although my pay was niggardly, I was immeasurably enriched by the contacts I made.

Miss Spinnaker

It was at the cafeteria that I met two men who deserve places alongside my father and Miss Spinnaker as people who shaped my life. One was Walter Obispo; the other was George Overmeyer.

Obispo was a silver-haired man of sixty, an attorney who had been disbarred for some trifling offense. He used to sit in the cafeteria all night, explaining that he preferred it to the huge town house where he lived alone. I understood, for I, too, have been lonely. Who has not? Eh? Who has not?

As often as I could take time off from my various duties, which included clearing tables, washing dishes, mopping floors, emptying garbage, ejecting drunks, and adding benzoate of soda to the tainted meat which made it possible for us to sell our meals so reasonably, I would bring a fresh cup of coffee to Obispo and we would talk. I would listen breathlessly as he told me of his experiences as a lawyer — how he had bribed jurors, suborned perjury, stolen state exhibits, and leaped on the backs of ambulances going as rapidly as sixty miles an hour. He never tired of telling his stories, nor I of listening to them.

George Overmeyer was much younger than Obispo. He was, I would say, in his late twenties — a thin man with pinched features and intense, blazing eyes. He, too, used to spend his nights in the cafeteria, but not in conversation. He would bring in heavy tomes on sociology and economics and history and sit reading and making notes. Often he would just sit and think — or, rather, worry. An expression of such great concern would come over his face that the heart within me would ache. One night, when he looked particularly distressed, I made bold to speak.

"Excuse me, friend," I said. "Would you care to tell me what worries you?"

"Oh, nothing much," he replied. "The world, mankind, civilization, social justice, democracy, human rights . . . "

I nodded understandingly, for I, too, used to worry about these very topics until Dad had provided me with the answer. "I can help you," I said.

"Oh, peachy," said George.

"The thing to do," I said, "is to get rich. Then sleep till noon and screw 'em all."

He leaped up. "Good God, man, that's it!" he cried. He wrung my hand gratefully. "How can I ever thank you?"

"The knowledge that I have helped you is thanks enough," I said simply, and we shook hands again, silently this time, not trusting ourselves to speak.

"Get rich," he mused. "Now why couldn't I think of that?"

"Sometimes," I said, "one gets so involved in a problem that one can't see the trees for the forest."

"What a striking phrase!" he exclaimed. "Mind if I jot it down?"

I waved my hand graciously and he made the entry in his notebook.

"I take it that you are rich," he said. "Just working here for a lark."

"Well, no," I confessed, "but it's only a matter of time."

"Perhaps you'll have me over for tea sometime when you get your mansion."

"Happy to," I said cordially. "I'm not the kind of person who's going to forget poor wretches like you just because I'm rich."

"Commendable," he murmured.

"No, sir," I said. "I'm going to do good works when I get rich. I've already got a few charities in mind — free Muzak for nursing mothers, relief tubes for indigent aviators, and lots of other greathearted plans."

"This makes me very happy," said George. "I'm so glad to hear that money will leave you as sweet and imbecilic as you are today. Money, you know, sometimes has a tendency to corrupt."

"It does?" I said with some alarm. This, indeed, was an aspect that had not occurred to me. I wanted to be rich, yes, but not if it meant being corrupted. There is no price high enough, I always say, to pay for a man's integrity.

"Yes, there have been scattered cases of people being corrupted by money," he said. "But don't worry about it."

But I did worry about it. In fact, I could not get it out of my mind. Was it, I kept thinking, worth the risk? Was getting rich worth taking the chance of becoming corrupted, of losing my sterling honesty, my profound humaneness, the saintliness that made me such a rare man among men? The question stayed with me waking and sleeping.

One night while I was grinding hamburger in the kitchen of the cafeteria and thinking about my problem, I inadvertently stuck my hand into the grinder. I must have cried out, because in an instant the kitchen was filled with people, among them the proprietor who gave me a waiver of damages to sign with my good hand. At this moment Obispo leaped forward with a full-throated cry, wrenched the waiver from me, and announced that he was representing me. I had time to give him a grateful smile before I fainted.

A few days later Obispo came to the hospital and gave me one thousand dollars, which he said was my share of the five-thousand-dollar settlement he had received for my accident. For a moment I could not speak. One thousand dollars and all mine! It was overwhelming. I blinked back my tears and smiled wanly at my benefactor.

Then suddenly an idea sprang full-blown into my brain. Here was the answer to my problem. All at once I knew how to get rich and yet stay uncorrupted: I would become a lawyer.

It was so obvious, Lawyers helped people. For helping people they got large sums of money. Consider Obispo: he had done me an immense kindness in getting a thousand dollars for me. At the same time he had earned four thousand dollars for himself. So, in a single operation, he had performed an act both lucrative and eleemosynary.

And I, as a lawyer, would do the same. Become rich by earning large fees. Remain uncorrupted by doing good deeds for people. And do both at the same time, that was the beauty part.

I hastened to tell Obispo of my decision to become a lawyer. I said I would use my thousand dollars to go to college and read the law. But he had a much better idea. There was no need for me to go off to college, study six years, and then perhaps fail to pass the bar. I could give him the thousand dollars and read the law in his office. It would take only a few months, and he would guarantee that I passed the bar. My throat was too filled with tears to speak; I could only nod in grateful agreement.

So upon my discharge from the hospital I started to report every day to Obispo's office in the back of the High Life Billiard Parlor to read his law library. This did not take very long, since his library consisted of only one book — **City Ordinances of Winnipeg.** Within six months I became possibly the world's foremost authority on the municipal statutes of Winnipeg and also a middling expert at Kelly pool, which I played with my tutor during his informal lectures. Obispo believed strongly that relaxation was the key to learning. He considered playing pool during lectures an excellent means of relieving tension. Nor were his lectures crammed with obstruse and difficult legal data. Usually, in fact, they were not about the law at all, but about women. He was quite inventive in the lovemaking line, and in later years I spent many pleasurable hours approximating those of the conformations he had described to me that were not beyond my agility.

Beguiling though my days were with Obispo, I sometimes was troubled about the casual way my education was proceeding. "Do you really think I'll be ready for the bar examination?" I asked him frequently, and he always replied, "Don't worry about a thing."

He was right. When the time came to take my bar examination, I passed with flying colors — that is to say, Mr. Weatherwax did. (I should explain that Mr. Weatherwax was the man Obispo hired to take my bar examination for me.)

I could hardly wait to rush home and show Mother and Dad my law diploma. "Mother! Dad!" I cried as I burst into our squalid quarters. "Come see my diploma. I'm a lawyer. No more working in a cafeteria for me!"

"Don't give me that crap," said Mother. "You quit that job and I'll knock you through the wall."

Dad sprang to my defense. "You leave him be," he said. "Harry's gonna be a big man someday, like I'da been if I had his education."

"The only way you'd be a big man," said Mother, "is if somebody blew you up."

"Darning eggs and stones will break my bones," said Dad, "but names will never hurt me."

This was a brave little lie on Dad's part, for he was the most sensitive of men, and Mother's thoughtless allusions to his lack of initiative injured him far more than her frequent blows. Mother did not really mean to be unkind. Underneath her bluster I knew there was a genuine affection for Dad. I must admit, though, that she concealed it perfectly.

The argument raged on. Mother flailed me with her darning egg until my head looked like a Hubbard squash, but I was adamant. The following week I put a down payment on some office furniture, rented an abandoned streetcar, and hung out my shingle. I got the shingle free from a friend of mine who worked at a roofing company, and I lettered it myself. The shingle proclaimed:

I was in business.

It would be idle to pretend that I was a successful lawyer from the start. The first case I pleaded, in fact, turned out very badly. Although I conducted the defense with much zeal, my client was given five years at hard labor. This sentence reflects little credit on me when you consider that he had only been charged with overtime parking.

Mother

Honesty compels me to admit that I fared no better in my second case. I was representing a man whose unscrupulous relatives wished him adjudged insane so they could get control of his fortune. After the third day of the hearing the judge ruled against my client, remarking dryly that only a lunatic would have retained me as counsel.

For a long time after that I had no cases. I tried for a while to earn my living as an income-tax consultant, but only one client came to me, and he took his business elsewhere when he learned that I had computed his taxes to be 30 per cent more than his gross income.

It is always darkest before the dawn, I like to say. Certainly circumstances could have been no more unpromising than they were at the moment I received the assignment that led to my present position. I had been evicted from my streetcar for nonpayment of rent. My furniture had been repossessed. Also my suit. I had a concussion from my mother's darning egg. In the midst of all this blackness, like a ray of light, a message arrived: Judge Ralph Schram wanted to see me.

I was in his chambers at the appointed hour, my hair neatly brushed, my clothes patched but clean, a deferential smile on my lips.

"Wipe that stupid smirk off your face," said the judge in greeting.

I was not deceived by his gruffness. I felt sure that he was basically a kindly man and that the story about his spending every Sunday at the state prison gloating over the inmates he had committed was apocryphal.

"Listen carefully," he continued, "because I haven't got much time. It's Saturday afternoon and I've got to catch a train up to the state prison so I can spend Sunday gloating over the inmates I have committed."

"Yes, your honor," I said briskly.

"I have to appoint a public defender in a trial that is coming up next Monday. The defendant is so palpably guilty that no lawyer with an ounce of brains will touch the case. So I called you."

"I hope you will find me worthy of your confidence," I said simply.

"His name is Sam Hiff and he's in the county jail," said the judge and threw me out of the room, indicating that the interview was over.

(*continued on page* 10)

HARRY RIDDLE (*continued from page 9*)

I went at once to see Sam Hiff, whom I found to be an attractive cross-eyed man with eczema. "How do you do?" I said. "I'm Harry Riddle and I've been appointed by the court to represent you."

"They couldn't get nobody else, huh?" asked Hiff.

I shook my head.

"You look pretty stupid, hey."

I made a moue.

"Well," he shrugged, "I guess I'm stuck with you, hey."

"That's the spirit, Mr. Hiff," I said, clapping his fat back. "Now let's get down to business. If I'm to be your attorney, I will require you to be absolutely truthful with me. First of all, Mr. Hiff, are you innocent?"

"Yeh," he replied.

I seized his hand thankfully. "That's what I wanted to hear, Mr. Hiff. You may rest assured that I will leave no stone unturned in my efforts to disprove this monstrous accusation that has been brought against you. Trust me, Mr. Hiff, trust me."

Giving his hand a final squeeze, I left the cell. When I got home later, it occurred to me that I should have asked him what he was accused of. But I decided not to go back and ask him, thinking such a move might impair his confidence in me.

The case of the State vs. Sam Hiff opened at nine o'clock Monday morning under the able direction of Judge Ralph Schram, who threatened to disbar both Swanson, the district attorney, and me if we did not wind up the trial in time for him to attend an execution early that afternoon. In the interests of speed, Swanson and I picked the jury by the simple process of accepting the first twelve veniremen who came before us, notwithstanding the fact that four of them were deaf-mutes. By nine-twenty the jury was sworn, and Swanson rose

Miss Geddes took the stand

to deliver the opening statement of the prosecution.

At this moment I was still not aware of the charge against Sam Hiff, but I was not disturbed. I was sure that I would learn the charge from Swanson's opening address and that I could prepare an instant rebuttal. In addition to being a sensitive, retiring person, I am also a quick thinker.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," said Swanson with a nervous glance at Judge Schram, who sat frowning over a stop watch, "I will not waste your time with any long oration. The state intends to bring this trial swiftly to its inevitable conclusion . . ."

"Come on, come on," snapped Judge Schram.

"We will prove," continued Swanson, "that the defendant Hiff has large deposits in several banks, that he has various sources of income, that he lives in a luxurious apartment filled with costly furniture. At the conclusion of the State's case, you will have no choice except to find the defendant guilty as charged. Thank you." He sat down.

I could only conclude from Swanson's remarks that Hiff was on trial for being a wealthy man. I did not know when the possession of large sums of money had been made a crime, for I had not kept up with recent legislation, but I was filled with a sense of outrage. This kind of thing struck at the very fundament of our republic. This was no longer merely the case of the State vs. Sam Hiff; this was Americanism vs. un-Americanism, totalitarianism vs. democracy. I leaped to my feet and strode across the court to the jury.

"I trust counsel for the defense will not dawdle for forty-three seconds as did the prosecution," said Judge Schram.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," I said rapidly, "what I have to say is brief. Sam Hiff is a rich man. I say this proudly. Sam Hiff is a rich man . . ."

There was a puzzled murmur among the spectators, and Judge Schram jailed them all for contempt.

"If you return a verdict of guilty against the wealthy defendant Hiff," I continued, "you will be returning a verdict of guilty against George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Carnegie, Bernard Baruch, and other Americans who have made this country great. Thank you."

I sat down and noted with satisfaction the effects of my speech. The jurors sat stupefied, looking at each other askance. At the prosecution table Swanson and his assistants were in animated conversation. The reporters covering the trial were rushing to telephones. Even Judge Schram was impressed; he sat shaking his head slowly.

"Well," I said to Hiff with permissable pride, "what did you think of that?"

"I didn't know that Washington and Carnegie and Baruch and all them guys were relief chiselers, hey," he said.

"What?" I said.

"I didn't know they took relief checks from the county welfare board like I done."

"Mr. Hiff," I said, aghast, "can you possibly mean that you are charged with accepting relief checks while you had a private income?"

"How do you like that, hey?" mused Hiff. "George Washington! I never even knew they had relief in them days."

I could see it was true. "Mr. Hiff," I said frankly, "I have made a terrible mistake."

"Don't worry about it, hey," he answered, baring his Hutchinson's teeth in a kindly smile. "You just prove that Washington and them guys was relief chiselers and they ain't a jury in the country would convict me."

"Mr. Hiff," I said, "if you wish to retain another counsel, I stand ready to withdraw."

"You nuts?" he asked, giving me a playful push. "If I hire myself a mouthpiece, then they know I got dough and I'm licked. I got to take whatever they give me, even a punk like you, hey. But," he added, "I got to admit you sure pulled one out of the hat. George Washington! Jeez!"

"Mr. Hiff, there's something you must know. George Washington was not a relief chiseler, nor any of those people I mentioned."

His jaw flew open. "So why," he asked in a strangled voice, "did you tell the jury I was a rich man, hey?"

"It was an error," I admitted with a wry smile. "But not irreparable," I added. "In the first place, four of the jurors didn't hear me. As for the rest, I am confident that I can prove to them that you are a poor man and needed those relief checks. For, by your own admission, Mr. Hiff, you are innocent, and I offer you my solemn pledge that you will be freed."

"What," he cried, clutching his head with both hands, "did I get myself into? Why didn't I cop a plea?"

"Truth crushed to earth," I continued, "shall rise again. Depend on me, Mr. Hiff. I shall not fail you."

"Ah, shaddup," said the defendant.

"The State will damn well call its first witness," said Judge Schram.

Swanson promptly called a man named Homer Lascoulie, who was rushed to the witness chair by two bailiffs and hurriedly sworn. "What is your occupation, Mr. Lascoulie?" asked Swanson.

"I am a cashier of the First National Bank."

"Are you familiar with the defendant Hiff?"

"Yes, I have seen him at the bank making deposits on many occasions."

Swanson walked over to the exhibits table, picked up a large filing card, and returned to the witness. "Do you recognize this card, Mr. Lascoulie?" (*continued on page 50*)

"It's nice of you to ask me, Miss Carter — but without pajamas, a toothbrush or anything, I don't see how I could possibly stay the night."

in Paris or New York, artists and their models are a very bohemian lot.

PLAYBOY goes to an ART BALL

A golden Pan, the Greek god of pleasure, greeted guests at the entrance. No art ball would be complete without a celebrity or two. Above, TV personality Dorothy Kilgallen and escort, both very properly and formally clothed.

Some guests came in full dress, some in almost no dress at all. The couple wearing the black longies are supposed to be from darkest Africa; the couple in the sequins wouldn't say where they were from.

YOU don't have to go to Gay Paree to enjoy the wild revelry and merry-making of an artists ball. The colorful orgy displayed on these pages took place a short time ago in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Plaza in New York. Most anything goes at these all-night affairs, and the goings-on are sometimes as bizarre as the costumes.

A friend corners lovely artists' model Laura Raynair for a little chit chat.

The Queen of the Ball, beautiful MGM star Rita Gam, and her two very un-regal Ladies In Waiting.

This sweet young thing appeared very demure in her costume till her devilish dancing partner gave us a rear view.

"If a girl doesn't watch her figure, who will?"

SPORTS

Scoring a TV FIGHT

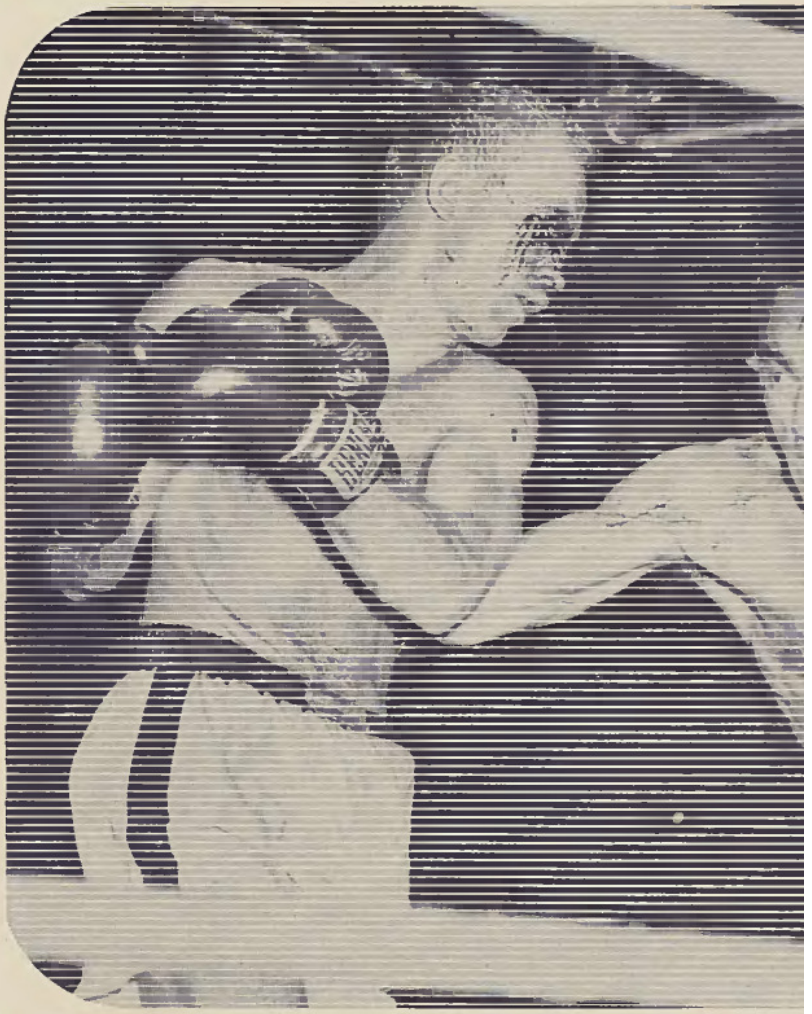
WHEN Tommy Collins, a scrappy young lightweight, was battered into seeming helplessness and dropped to the ring canvas ten times in less than four rounds by lightweight champion Jimmy Carter during a title bout last summer, video fans across the nation raised a howl.

Local TV stations and newspapers were barraged with protests from outraged televiewers. The bout and its officiating were called vicious, inhuman and incompetent. But the following day Tommy Collins insisted he had never really been hurt, the cuts were superficial, and he'd been knocked down so many times because Carter had kept him continually off balance. To prove his point, he mentioned that after the bout he'd gone to a party with some friends and danced, caroused, and generally raised hell till the wee hours of the morning. The referee agreed, explaining that he'd permitted the fight to continue because Collins wasn't seriously hurt, remained alert, and continued to protect himself.

Part of the noisy confusion resulted because the TV camera hasn't yet been invented that can show the full effects of a punch thrown in New York to a man sitting in his easy chair in St. Louis. Even the referee in the ring must sometimes gauge a boxer's condition by verifying that his eyes are clear and he knows where he is — things a televiewer can't possibly determine.

A lot of the verbiage over the Collins-Carter bout resulted, however, because most TV fight fans don't know

These tips on judging a television scrap should increase your viewing pleasure.



very much about judging a boxing match. Assuming your knowledge of the sport is about average, here are some scoring pointers that can make your TV fight nights more enjoyable.

Most states score either by rounds or the ten-point system. In the point system, popular in the mid-west, each round is worth ten points. In an even round, five points are given to each contestant. For a slight edge, the winner of the round is given six points — the loser four. For a knock down or a decisive edge, the winner is given seven points — the loser three. An eight-to-two score is only rarely given. Don't be too hasty to give a seven to three margin. Even in the case of a knock down, a boxer must be seriously hurt and at a decided disadvantage during the round to receive only three points. The fighter who accumulates the greatest number of points during the bout is declared the winner.

In scoring by round, the man who wins any given round is credited with the entire round, and at the end of the bout, the rounds are totalled for a winner. It doesn't matter whether a man wins a round decisively (for what would be a seven-to-three edge by the point system) or takes it by a very slim margin (a six-to-four edge in points), he receives the same one-round credit. A round may be, and often is, rated a draw, however. Such a round is marked even and neither man receives credit for it.

In determining who has won a round, by either the ten-point or round system, follow these rules:

a. Don't pick a favorite. View the fight objectively.

b. The most important, single factor is clean, forceful punching to any vulnerable part of the body above the belt. The blows should be judged on the basis of their damaging effect.

c. Aggressiveness is next in importance and credit should be given to the contestant who sustains the action of a round by the greatest number of attacks.

d. Watch for ring generalship. A fighter capable of neutralizing his opponent's attack and forcing him to adopt a style of boxing at which he is not particularly skillful deserves credit towards that round.

e. Sportsmanship is important. A fighter is expected to maintain the spirit of the sport. If he hits below the belt, punches on the breaks or after a round has ended, his score should be effected.

A referee may tell the judges that in his opinion a foul has been committed *(continued on next page)*

and that he plans on taking the round away from one of the fighters. The judges are not obligated to follow this scoring, however. Though they will certainly be influenced by the referee's decision, they will score the round as they personally saw it.

f. Take points away from a boxer who persistently delays the action by clinching, holding or stalling.

The most important of these considerations is clean, damaging punching. It is important to remember, too, that the effect of the punches is far more important than their frequency. Heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano can bull his way around a ring, absorbing a tremendous amount of leather, and win the round with a few devastating blows.

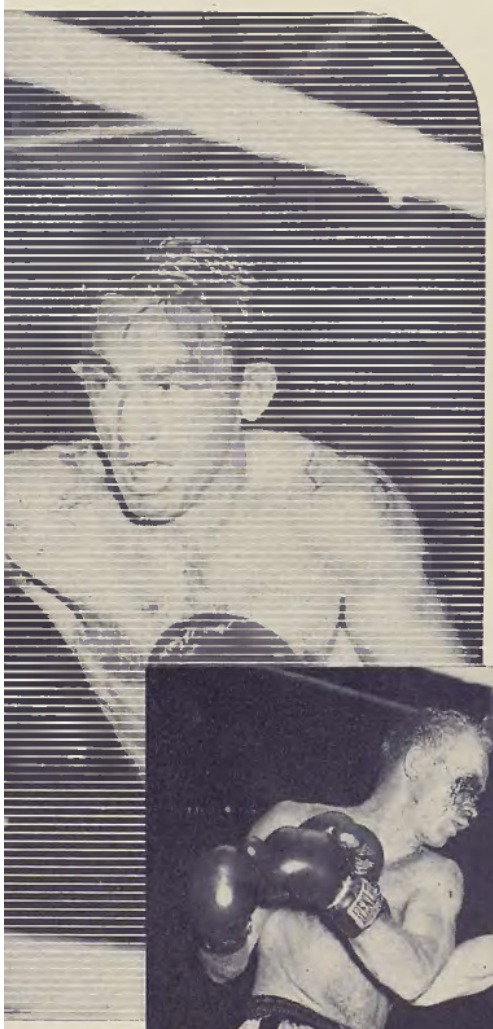
A fighter like Chuck Davey may make up for his lack of punch with outstanding ring generalship. But such defensive tactics must always be counted secondary to solid blows.

It's obvious when a man is bloodied or knocked down that he's hurt. But blood doesn't always show on a television screen and a man won't always go down when he's injured. You have to depend on your TV announcer to describe the extent of injuries inflicted.

Television was particularly deceptive two years ago when Chuck Davey, rapidly moving towards a title showdown with Kid Gavilan, fought Carmen Basilio in Chicago. The bout was televised nationally and TV fans saw Davey winning handily until a flurry in the eighth round left Davey apparently staggered and hanging on. Through the ninth and tenth rounds, Davey continually clinched, successfully tying Basilio up and avoiding more action.

What the viewers didn't know — and couldn't see — was that both Davey's eyes had been cut. The flow of blood had blinded the educated southpaw and left him almost helpless. Being ahead on points, Davey wisely chose to tie Basilio up as much as possible through the last two rounds. How would you score the end of the fight? Would you credit Davey with clever defensive tactics? Or would you favor Basilio? Basilio should get the nod for aggressiveness and for landing the damaging punches that put Davey at such a disadvantage.

When a boxer is unable to defend himself or has been seriously cut so that further action may cause him real injury, the referee will stop the fight and award a technical knockout to his opponent. If the referee is in doubt about the extent of the injury, he will call in the attending physician, who will recommend that the fight be stopped or permitted to continue. When a physician is summoned by the referee, it indicates a fighter has been hurt and your scorecard should be marked accordingly.



NAME	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
DAVEY	D	D	D	E	D	D	D	E		✓
BASILIO				E				E	B	B

IN THE BRUISING TEN ROUND BATTLE BETWEEN CHUCK DAVEY AND CARMEN BASILIO, DAVEY WAS PARTIALLY BLINDED BY BLOOD IN THE CLOSING ROUNDS. SEEING HIS HELPLESSNESS, BUT UNABLE TO SEE THE BLOOD THAT HAD CAUSED IT, TELEVISION FIGHT FANS MISTAKENLY ASSUMED DAVEY HAD BEEN BADLY HURT.

Don't be afraid to score rounds even. Boxers often begin fights cautiously, feeling one another out, gauging each other's style. Bobo Olson, newly crowned middleweight champion, willingly sacrificed the first two rounds of his title bout with England's Randy Turpin. Olson waited out the initial storm, studying Turpin's offensive style. In the third round he became more aggressive, soon overtook the European champ, and went on to win.

If a fighter is knocked down, don't be fooled into thinking he is badly hurt just because he takes an eight count. The eight count is mandatory in most states, except in championship bouts, where the rule is waived. Judge the extent of injury to a fallen fighter by the way he rises and the way he handles himself in the ensuing action. If he's in serious trouble, he'll be slow in getting up, his legs will probably be rubbery, and he will find it difficult defending himself when the fight continues. Score your card accordingly. If the fighter gets up at the count of two or three and seems alert and aggressive, he has obviously not been badly hurt, even though the referee counts to eight.

These are the fundamentals. When you sit down to your next television fight, draw up a card like the one illustrated and begin keeping score. Remember, don't pick a favorite. View the contest fairly, coldly, objectively. Don't let crowd noises or living room comments influence you. With very little practice, you'll be surprised at how close you can pick them. You'll be surprised, too, at how much more you'll enjoy your TV fights.

Lace

A visit with Milt Caniff's luscious ink bottle pin-up

THIS gorgeous piece of pen-and-ink pulchritude is named Lace. She lives in the ink bottle of cartoonist Milton Caniff.

During the second World War her misadventures in an army distributed cartoon strip titled "Male Call" helped raise the morale of fighting gee-eyes around the world. Caniff put her in moth balls in '46 and turned his attention to his regular strip "Terry and the Pirates" and an idea he had for a brand new one about a soldier of fortune named Steve Canyon.

Reprinted on this and the next two pages are some of the more famous wartime escapades of Miss Lace, plus a few new adventures that have never been published before. Readers who remember the lady will welcome this return visit; those of you who've never met her before are in for a real treat.

Male Call

What A Standing Operating Procedure

HIGHLY COMMENDABLE THE WAY THOSE MEN WORKED UP A NIGHT PROBLEM ON THEIR OWN INITIATIVE...
YES INDEED, SIR... VERY FARSIGHTED
G-2 O.P.
MILTON CANIFF

(continued on page 20)

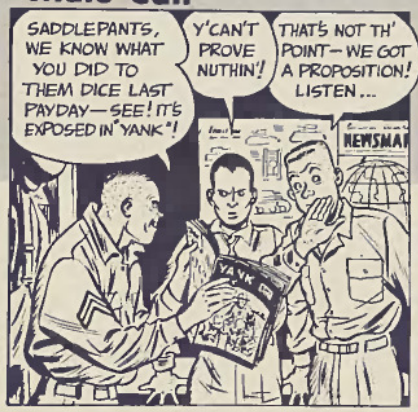
Lace- (continued from page 19)

Male Call

Flank Exposed: Troops Vulnerable

SHOW YOUR WEEK END PASS HERE
CHICKEN INSPECTOR U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EXTERIOR HAVE YOU A CLASS A PASS?
SHOW YOUR PASS FOR UNCLE SAM
STOP! LIMES MUST BE INSPECTED FOR DUTCH ELM DISEASE
STOCKINGS INSPECTED FOR JAPANESE BEETLES U.S. ARMY ORIENTATION
MILTON CANIFF
COPYRIGHT 1943 BY

Male Call


SADDLEPANTS, WE KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO THEM DICE LAST PAYDAY—SEE! IT'S EXPOSED IN "YANK"!
Y'CAN'T PROVE NUTHIN'!
THAT'S NOT TH' POINT—WE GOT A PROPOSITION! LISTEN...
NEWSMAN
YANK

GET WELL FOR LITTLE NELL, DICE!.. COME OUT NATURAL, LIKE A NUDIST, DICE!.. A FOUR AND A THREE AND THE BEER'S ON ME!.. SEVEN LACE TO HEAVEN, DICE...

Blanket Roll

AND I SEVENED AGAIN! SORRY TO TAKE ALL YOUR SMOKES, GANG!
THAT'S OKAY, MISS LACE—I GUESS WE'RE JUST LUCKY!
MILTON CANIFF
COPYRIGHT 1943 by MILTON CANIFF

Male Call

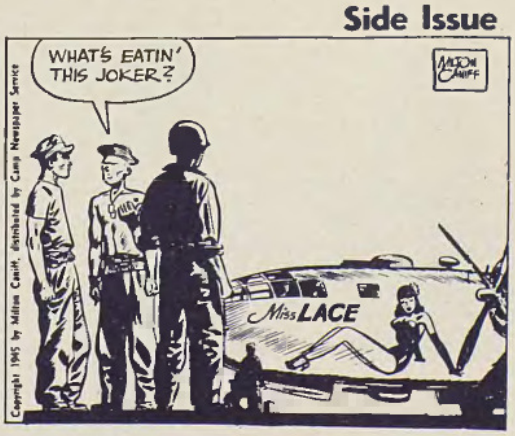
MISS LACE, I WON'T TELL YOU NO LIE... I'VE BEEN AWAY FROM WIMMIN FOR SO LONG I AIM TO LOG ME SOME LIP TIME—RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE!
SOMEBODY'S GIVEN YOU A BUM STEER, GENERAL—I WON'T BE STAMPEDED!

Ay, There's The Rub!

COULD YOU BE PLAYING THE PERCENTAGES?
Copyright 1945 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service
MILTON CANIFF

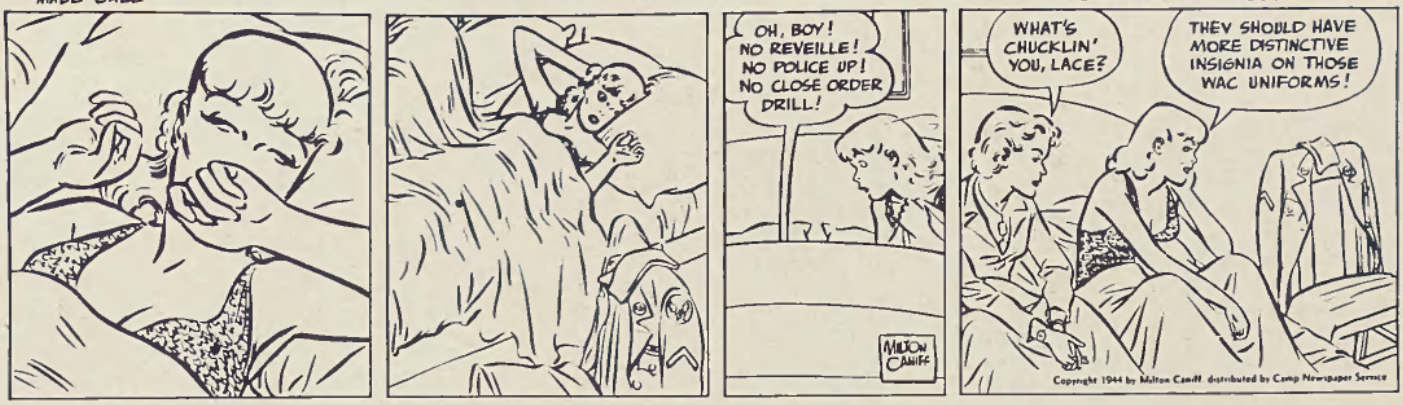
Male Call

Side Issue



These Lace episodes were rejected as too suggestive by army brass and this is the first time they've appeared in print. Since the drawings weren't accepted, Caniff never finished inking in the blacks. Lace was conveniently billeted near an unnamed army camp in the eastern theater and spent most of her waking hours raising the spirits of the lonely G.I. Joes. To the luscious Lace even the lowest dog-face rated the title "general" — every sailor was "admiral."

MALE CALL


OH, BOY! NO REVEILLE! NO POLICE UP! NO CLOSE ORDER DRILL!
MILTON CANIFF
KNOW WHICH ARM YOU'RE IN
WHAT'S CHUCKLIN' YOU, LACE?
THEY SHOULD HAVE MORE DISTINCTIVE INSIGNIA ON THOSE WAC UNIFORMS!
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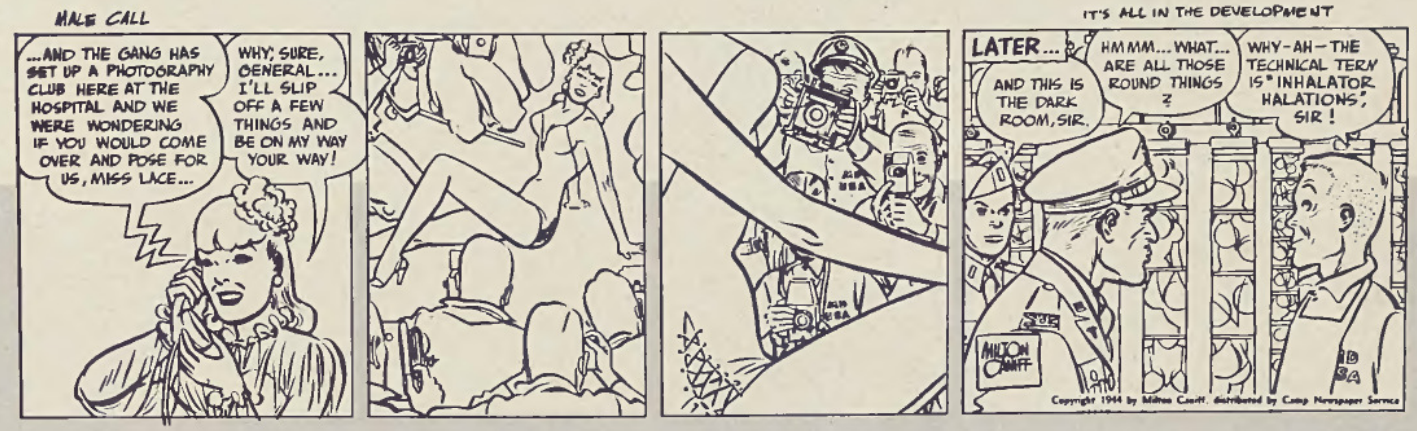
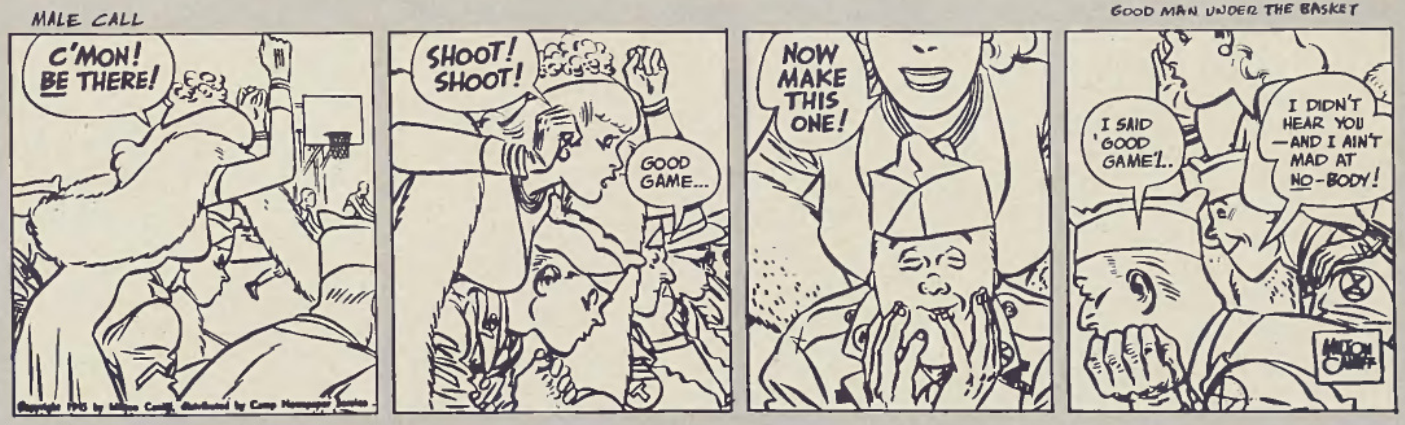
MALE CALL


...AND THE GANG HAS SET UP A PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB HERE AT THE HOSPITAL AND WE WERE WONDERING IF YOU WOULD COME OVER AND POSE FOR US, MISS LACE...
WHY, SURE, GENERAL... I'LL SLIP OFF A FEW THINGS AND BE ON MY WAY YOUR WAY!
IT'S ALL IN THE DEVELOPMENT
LATER...
AND THIS IS THE DARK ROOM, SIR.
HMMM... WHAT... ARE ALL THOSE ROUND THINGS ?
WHY-AH-THE TECHNICAL TERM IS "INHALATOR HALATIONS", SIR!
MILTON CANIFF
Copyright 1944 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

MALE CALL

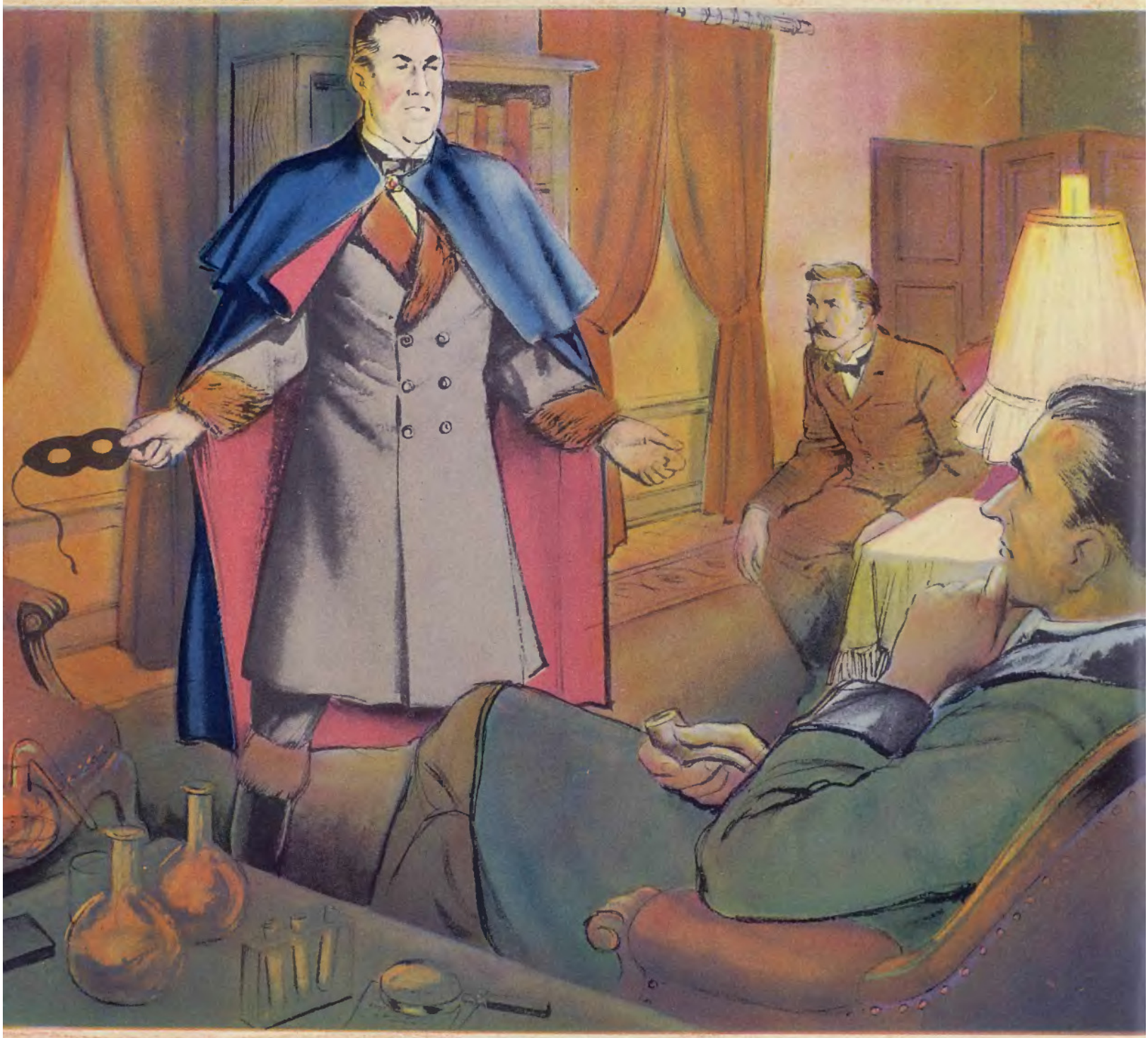

C'MON! BE THERE!
SHOOT! SHOOT!
GOOD GAME...
NOW MAKE THIS ONE!
GOOD MAN UNDER THE BASKET
I SAID 'GOOD GAME'..
I DIDN'T HEAR YOU —AND I AIN'T MAD AT NO-BODY!
MILTON CANIFF

MALE CALL

GEEZST, MISS LACE, WHEN I WAS ON THAT ISLAND I NEVER DREAMED I'D BE DOING THIS WITH YOU!
JUST RELAX, GENERAL... THESE THINGS SOMETIMES HAPPEN BEFORE YOU REALIZE IT...
ARE YOU-AH-COMFORTABLE ?
IT ISN'T JUST A MATTER OF BEING COMFORTABLE—IF YOU'RE HAVING FUN!
AM I THE FIRST ?
NO...
PRESSURE GROUP
TWO OTHERS FROM YOUR OUTFIT WERE IN TOWN LAST WEEK...
MILTON CANIFF

a Scandal in Bohemia

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM L. MARSH



He tore the mask from his face. "You are right," he cried; "I am the King!"

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by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

FICTION

TO SHERLOCK HOLMES she is always *the* woman. I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex. It was not that he felt any emotion akin to love for Irene Adler. All emotions, and that one particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise but admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen, but as a lover he would have placed himself in a false position. He never spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer. They were admirable things for the observer — excellent for drawing the veil from men's motives and actions. But for the trained reasoner to admit such intrusions into his own delicate and finely adjusted temperament was to introduce a distracting factor which might throw a doubt upon all his mental results. Grit in a sensitive instrument, or a crack in one of his own high-power lenses, would not be more disturbing than a strong emotion in a nature such as his. And yet there was but one woman to him, and that woman was the late Irene Adler, of dubious and questionable memory.

I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted us away from each other. My own complete happines, and the home-centred interests which rise up around the man who first finds himself master of his own establishment, were sufficient to absorb all my attention, while Holmes, who loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul, remained in our lodgings in Baker Street, buried among his old books, and alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the drug, and the fierce energy of his own keen nature. He was still, as ever, deeply attracted by the study of crime, and occupied his immense faculties and extraordinary powers of observation in following out those clues, and clearing up those mysteries which had been abandoned as hopeless by the official police. From time to time I heard some vague account of his doings: of his summons to Odessa in the case of the Trepoff murder, of his clearing up of the singular tragedy of the Atkinson brothers at Trincomalee, and finally of the mission which he had accomplished so delicately and successfully for the reigning family of Holland. Beyond these signs of his activity, however, which I merely shared with all the readers of the daily press. I knew little of my former friend and companion.

One night — it was on the twentieth of March, 1888 — I was returning from a journey to a patient (for I had now returned to civil practice), when my way led me through Baker Street. As I passed the well-remembered door, which must always be associated in my mind with my wooing, and with the dark incidents of the *Study in Scarlet*. I was seized with a keen desire to see Holmes again, and to know how he was employing his extraordinary powers. His rooms were brilliantly lit, and, even as I looked up, I saw his tall, spare figure pass twice in a dark silhouette against the blind. He was pacing the room swiftly, eagerly, with his head sunk upon his chest and his hands clasped behind him. To me, who knew his every mood and habit, his attitude and manner told their own story. He was at work again. He had risen out of his drug-created dreams and was hot upon the scent of some new problem. I rang the bell and was shown up to the chamber which had formerly been in part my own.

His manner was not effusive. It seldom was; but he was glad, I think, to see me. With hardly a word spoken, but with a kindly eye, he waved me to an armchair, threw across his case of cigars, and indicated a spirit case and a gasogene in the corner. Then he stood before the fire and looked me over in his singular introspective fashion.

"Wedlock suits you," he remarked. "I think, Watson, that you have put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you."

"Seven!" I answered.

"Indeed, I should have thought a little more. Just a trifle more, I fancy, Watson. And in practice again, I observe. You did not tell me that you intended to go into harness."

"Then, how do you know?"

"I see it, I deduce it. How do I know that you have been getting yourself very wet lately, and that you have a most clumsy and careless servant girl?"

"My dear Holmes," said I, "this is too much. You would certainly have been burned, had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful mess, but as I have changed my clothes I can't imagine how you deduce it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has given her notice; but there, again, I fail to see how you work it out."

He chuckled to himself and rubbed his long, nervous hands together.

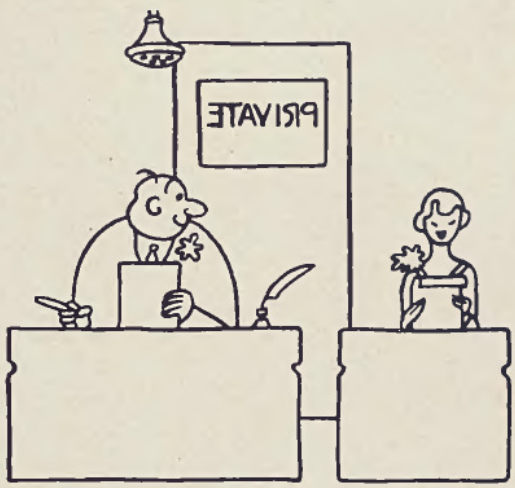
"It is simplicity itself," said he; "my eyes tell me that on the inside of your left shoe, just where the firelight strikes it, the leather is scored by six almost parallel cuts. Obviously they have been caused by someone who has very carelessly scraped round the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it. Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had been out in vile weather, and that you had a particularly malignant boot-slitting specimen of the London slavey. As to your practice, if a gentleman walks into my rooms smelling of iodoform, with a black mark of nitrate of silver upon his right forefinger, and a bulge on the right side of his top-hat to show where he has secreted his stethoscope, I must be dull, indeed, if I do not pronounce him to be an active member of the medical profession."

I could not help laughing at the ease with which he explained his process of deduction. "When I hear you give your reasons," I remarked, "the thing always appears to me to be so ridiculously simple that I could easily do it myself, though at each successive instance of your reasoning I am baffled until you explain your process. And yet I believe that my eyes are as good as yours."

"Quite so," he answered, lighting a cigarette, and throwing himself down into an armchair. "You see, but you do not observe. The distinction is clear. For example, you have frequently seen the steps (*continued on page* 25)

A FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS DETECTIVE, SHERLOCK HOLMES

1



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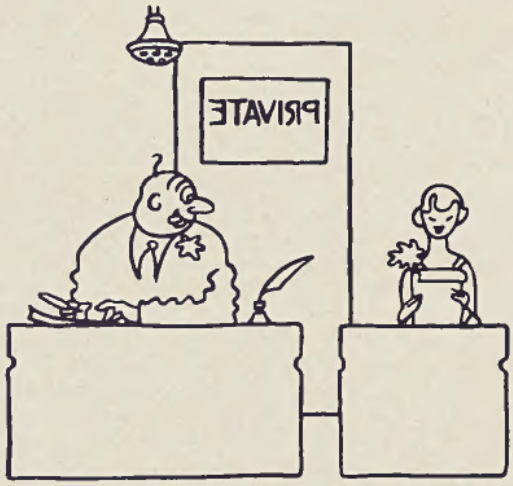

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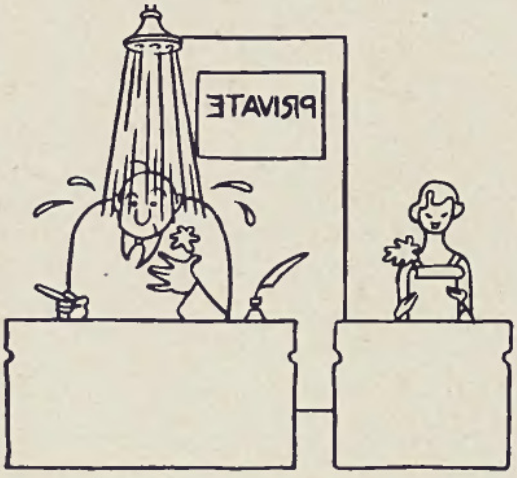

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6

GARDNER REA

THE SPRINKLER

Scandal-(*continued from page 23*)

which lead up from the hall to this room."

"Frequently."

"How often?"

"Well, some hundreds of times."

"Then how many are there?"

"How many? I don't know"

"Quite so! You have not observed. And yet you have seen. That is just my point. Now, I know that there are seventeen steps, because I have both seen and observed. By the way, since you are interested in these little problems, and since you are good enough to chronicle one or two of my trifling experiences, you may be interested in this." He threw over a sheet of thick, pink-tinted notepaper which had been lying open upon the table. "It came by the last post," said he. "Read it aloud."

The note was undated, and without either signature or address.

"There will call upon you to-night at a quarter to eight o'clock (it said), *a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the royal houses of Europe have shown that you are one who may safely be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. This account of you we have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber then at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wear a mask.*

"This is indeed a mystery," I remarked. "What do you imagine that it means?"

"I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts. But the note itself. What do you deduce from it?"

I carefully examined the writing, and the paper upon which it was written.

"The man who wrote it was presumably well to do," I remarked, endeavouring to imitate my companion's processes. "Such paper could not be bought under half a crown a packet. It is peculiarly strong and stiff."

"Peculiar — that is the very word," said Holmes. "It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light."

I did so, and saw a large "**E**" with a small "g," a "**P**," and a large "**G**" with a small "**t**" woven into the texture of the paper.

"What do you make of that?" asked Holmes.

"The name of the maker, no doubt; or his monogram, rather."

"Not at all. The '**G**' with the small '**t**' stands for 'Gesellschaft,' which is the German for 'Company.' It is a customary contraction like our 'Co.' 'P,' of course, stands for 'Papier.' Now for the 'Eg.' Let us glance at our Continental Gazetteer." He took down a heavy brown (*continued on page 26*)

Thick clouds of smoke curled through the room. The lady threw open the secret panel and drew out the picture.

Scandal (*continued from page* 25)

volume from his shelves. "Eglew, Eglonitz — here we are, Egria. It is in a German-speaking country — in Bohemia, not far from Carlsbad. 'Remarkable as being the scene of the death of Wallenstein, and for its numerous glass-factories and paper-mills.' Ha, ha, my boy, what do you make of that?" His eyes sparkled, and he sent up a great blue triumphant cloud from his cigarette.

"The paper was made in Bohemia," I said.

"Precisely. And the man who wrote the note is a German. Do you note the peculiar construction of the sentence — 'This account of you we have from all quarters received.' A Frenchman or Russian could not have written that. It is the German who is so uncourteous to his verbs. It only remains, therefore, to discover what is wanted by this German who writes upon Bohemian paper and prefers wearing a mask to showing his face. And here he comes, if I am not mistaken, to resolve all our doubts."

As he spoke there was the sharp sound of horses' hoofs and grating wheels against the curb, followed by a sharp pull at the bell. Holmes whistled.

"A pair, by the sound," said he. "Yes," he continued, glancing out of the window. "A nice little brougham and a pair of beauties. A hundred and fifty guineas apiece. There's money in this case, Watson, if there is nothing else."

"I think that I had better go, Holmes."

"Not a bit, Doctor. Stay where you are. I am lost without my Boswell. And this promises to be interesting. It would be a pity to miss it."

"But your client—"

"Never mind him. I may want your help, and so may he. Here he comes. Sit down in that armchair, Doctor, and give us your best attention."

A slow and heavy step, which had been heard upon the stairs and in the passage, paused immediately outside the door. Then there was a loud and authoritative tap.

"Come in!" said Holmes.

A man entered who could hardly have been less than six feet six inches in height, with the chest and limbs of a Hercules. His dress was rich with a richness which would, in England, be looked upon as akin to bad taste. Heavy bands of astrakhan were slashed across the sleeves and fronts of his double-breasted coat, while the deep blue cloak which was thrown over his shoulders was lined with flame-coloured silk and secured at the neck with a brooch which consisted of a single flaming beryl. Boots which extended halfway up his calves, and which were trimmed at the tops with rich brown fur, completed the impression of barbaric opulence which was suggested by his whole appearance. He carried a broad-brimmed hat in his hand, while he wore across the upper part of his face, extending down past the cheekbones, a black vizard mask, which he had apparently adjusted that very moment, for his hand was still raised to it as he entered. From the lower part of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip, and a long, straight chin suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of obstinacy.

"You had my note?" he asked with a deep harsh voice and a strongly marked German accent. "I told you that I would call." He looked from one to the other of us, as if uncertain which to address.

"Pray take a seat," said Holmes. "This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, who is occasionally good enough to help me in my cases. Whom have I the honour to address?"

"You may address me as the Count Von Kramm, a Bohemian nobleman. I understand that this gentleman, your friend, is a man of honour and discretion, whom I may trust with a matter of the most extreme importance. If not, I should much prefer to communicate with you alone."

I rose to go, but Holmes caught me by the wrist and pushed me back into my chair. "It is both, or none," said he. "You may say before this gentleman anything which you may say to me."

The Count shrugged his broad shoulders. "Then I must begin," said he, "by binding you both to absolute secrecy for two years; at the end of that time the matter will be of no importance. At present it is not too much to say that it is of such weight it may have an influence upon European history."

"I promise," said Holmes.

"And I."

"You will excuse this mask," continued our strange visitor. "The august person who (*continued on page* 28)

MISS JANUARY

Here's PLAYBOY'S playmate for the month of January. A very lovely unpinned pin-up to help you welcome in the New Year.

Courtesy of John Baumgarth Co., Melrose Park, Illinois

Scandal — (*continued from page* 26)

employs me wishes his agent to be unknown to you, and I may confess at once that the title by which I have just called myself is not exactly my own."

"I was aware of it," said Holmes drily.

"The circumstances are of great delicacy, and every precaution has to be taken to quench what might grow to be an immense scandal and seriously compromise one of the reigning families of Europe. To speak plainly, the matter implicates the great House of Ormstein, hereditary kings of Bohemia."

"I was also aware of that," murmured Holmes, settling himself down in his armchair and closing his eyes.

Our visitor glanced with some apparent surprise at the languid, lounging figure of the man who had been no doubt depicted to him as the most incisive reasoner and most energetic agent in Europe. Holmes slowly reopened his eyes and looked impatiently at his gigantic client.

"If your Majesty would condescend to state your case," he remarked, "I should be better able to advise you."

The man sprang from his chair and paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. Then, with a gesture of desperation, he tore the mask from his face and hurled it upon the ground. "You are right," he cried; "I am the King. Why should I attempt to conceal it?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured Holmes. "Your Majesty had not spoken before I was aware that I was addressing Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismond von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein, and hereditary King of Bohemia."

"But you can understand," said our strange visitor, sitting down once more and passing his hand over his high white forehead, "you can understand that I am not accustomed to doing such business in my own person. Yet the matter was so delicate that I could not confide it to an agent without putting myself in his power. I have come incognito from Prague for the purpose of consulting you."

"Then, pray consult," said Holmes, shutting his eyes once more.

"The facts are briefly these: Some five years ago, during a lengthy visit to Warsaw, I made the acquaintance of the well-known adventuress, Irene Adler. The name is no doubt familiar to you."

"Kindly look her up in my index, Doctor," murmured Holmes without opening his eyes. For many years he had adopted a system of docketing all paragraphs concerning men and things, so that it was difficult to name a subject or a person on which he could not at once furnish information. In this case I found her biography sandwiched in between that of a Hebrew rabbi and that of a staff-commander who had written a monograph upon the deep-sea fishes.

"Let me see!" said Holmes. "Hum! Born in New Jersey in the year 1858. Contralto — hum! La Scala, hum! Prima donna Imperial Opera of Warsaw — Yes! Retired from operatic stage — ha! Living in London — quite so! Your Majesty, as I understand, became entangled with this young person, wrote her some compromising letters, and is now desirous of getting those letters back."

"Precisely so. But how —"

"Was there a secret marriage?"

"None."

"No legal papers or certificates?"

"None."

"Then I fail to follow your Majesty. If this young person should produce her letters for blackmailing or other purposes, how is she to prove their authenticity?"

"There is the writing."

"Pooh, pooh! Forgery."

"My private note-paper."

"Stolen."

"My own seal."

"Imitated."

"My photograph."

"Bought."

"We were both in the photograph."

"Oh, dear! That is very bad! Your Majesty has indeed committed an indiscretion."

"I was mad — insane."

"You have compromised yourself seriously."

"I was only Crown Prince then. I was young. I am but thirty now."

"It must be recovered."

"We have tried and failed."

"Your Majesty must pay. It must be bought."

"She will not sell."

"Stolen, then."

"Five attempts have been made. Twice burglars in my pay ransacked her house. Once we diverted her luggage when she travelled. Twice she has been waylaid. There has been no result."

"No sign of it?"

"Absolutely none."

Holmes laughed. "It is quite a pretty little problem," said he.

"But a very serious one to me," returned the King reproachfully.

"Very, indeed. And what does she propose to do with the photograph?"

"To ruin me."

"But how?"

"I am about to be married."

"So I have heard."

"To Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meningeng, second daughter of the King of Scandinavia. You may know the strict principles of her family. She is herself the very soul of delicacy. A shadow of a doubt as to my conduct would bring the matter to an end."

"And Irene Adler?"

"Threatens to send them the photograph. And she will do it. I know that she will do it. You do not know her, but she has a soul of steel. She has the face of the most beautiful of women, and the mind of the most resolute of men. Rather than I should marry another woman, there are no lengths to which she would not go — none."

"You are sure that she has not sent it yet?"

"I am sure."

"And why?"

"Because she has said that she would send it on the day when the betrothal was publicly proclaimed. That will be next Monday."

"Oh, then we have three days yet," said Holmes with a yawn. "That is very fortunate, as I have one or two matters of importance to look into just at present. Your Majesty will, of course, stay in London for the present?"

"Certainly. You will find me at the Langham under the name of the Count Von Kramm."

"Then I shall drop you a line to let you know how we progress."

"Pray do so. I shall be all anxiety."

"Then, as to money?"

"You have carte blanche."

"Absolutely?"

"I tell you that I would give one of the provinces of my kingdom to have that photograph."

"And for present expenses?"

The King took a heavy chamois leather bag from under his cloak and laid it on the table.

"There are three hundred pounds in gold and seven hundred in notes," he said.

Holmes scribbled a receipt upon a sheet of his note-book and handed it to him.

"And Mademoiselle's address?" he asked.

"Is Briony Lodge, Serpentine Avenue, St. John's Wood."

Holmes took a note of it. "One other question," said he. "Was the photograph a cabinet?"

"It was."

"Then, good-night, your Majesty, and I trust that we shall soon have some good news for you. And good-night, Watson," he added, as the wheels of the royal brougham rolled down the street. "If you will be good enough to call to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock I should like to chat this little matter over with you."

II

At three o'clock precisely I was at Baker Street, but Holmes had not yet returned. The landlady informed me that he had left the house shortly after eight o'clock in the morning. I sat down beside the fire, however, with the intention of awaiting him, however long he might be. I was already deeply interested in his inquiry, for, though it was surrounded by none of the grim and strange features which were associated with the two crimes which I have already recorded, still, the nature of the case and the exalted station of his client gave it a character of its own. Indeed, apart from the nature of the investigation which my friend had on hand, there was something in his masterly grasp of a situation, and his keen, incisive reasoning, which made it a pleasure to me to study his system of work, and to follow the quick, subtle methods by which he disentangled the most inextricable mysteries. So accustomed was I to his invariable success that the very possibility of his failing had ceased to enter into my head.

It was close upon four before the door opened, and a drunken-looking groom, ill-kempt and side-whiskered, with an inflamed face and disreputable clothes, walked into the room. Accustomed as I was to my friend's (*continued on page* 44)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The preacher's sermon was on the Ten Commandments. When he reached the fourth, "Thou Shalt Not Steal," he noticed one of his parishioners, a little man sitting in the front row, became very agitated. When the preacher reached the seventh, "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery," the man suddenly smiled and relaxed.

After the service, the preacher approached the man and asked him the reason for his peculiar behavior.

The man replied with an embarrassed smile, "When you talked about the Fourth Commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Steal," I suddenly discovered my umbrella was missing. But when you said "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery," I remembered where I'd left it."

"I've learned one thing about women," said the experienced one to his drinking companions. "You just can't trust a girl with brown eyes."

"It occurs to me," said one of his inebriated friends, "that I've been married nearly three years and I don't know what color eyes my wife has."

The second man finished his drink, climbed from his stool, and hurried home to investigate this disturbing possibility. His wife was in bed asleep. He crept up to her and carefully lifted an eyelid.

"By God! **Brown!**" he exclaimed.

"How the hell did you know I was here," said Brown, crawling out from under the bed.

"I believe you have the wrong number," said the old gentleman into the phone. "You'll have to call the weather bureau for that information."

"Who was that?" his young wife asked.

"Some guy wanting to know if the coast was clear."

The young man took his girl to an open-air theater on their first date. After the first act he found it necessary to excuse himself. He asked the usher where the men's room was located and was told, "turn left by that big oak tree, go straight ahead about 20 yards, then right another five."

In a few minutes he returned to his seat.

"Has the second act started yet?" he asked his date.

"You ought to know," she said coolly. "You were in it!"

Mary had a little sheep,
And with the sheep she went to sleep.
The sheep turned out to be a ram—
Mary had a little lamb.

The circus was finishing its final performance in the country town when one of its zebras had a stroke. The local veterinarian prescribed a few weeks rest for the beast, so the circus owner made arrangements to board it at a nearby farm.

The zebra took to the new life immediately and spent the first day meeting all the animals of the barn-yard.

He came across a chicken and said, "I'm a zebra, who are you?"

"I'm a chicken," said the chicken.

"What do you do?" asked the zebra.

"I scratch around and lay eggs," said the chicken.

Moving on, the zebra found a cow. He introduced himself saying, "I'm a zebra. Who are you?"

"I'm a cow," said the cow.

"What do you do?" asked the zebra.

"I graze in the field and give milk," said the cow.

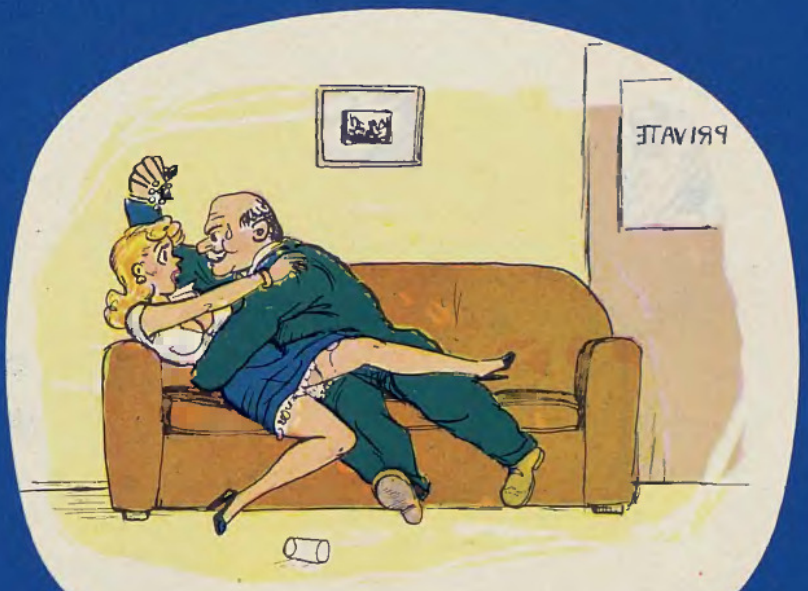
The zebra met a bull next. "I'm a zebra," he said. "Who are you?"

"I'm a bull," said the bull.

"And what do you do?" asked the zebra.

"What do I do!" snorted the bull, pawing at the turf with a forefoot. "Why you silly looking ass—take off your pajamas and I'll show you!"

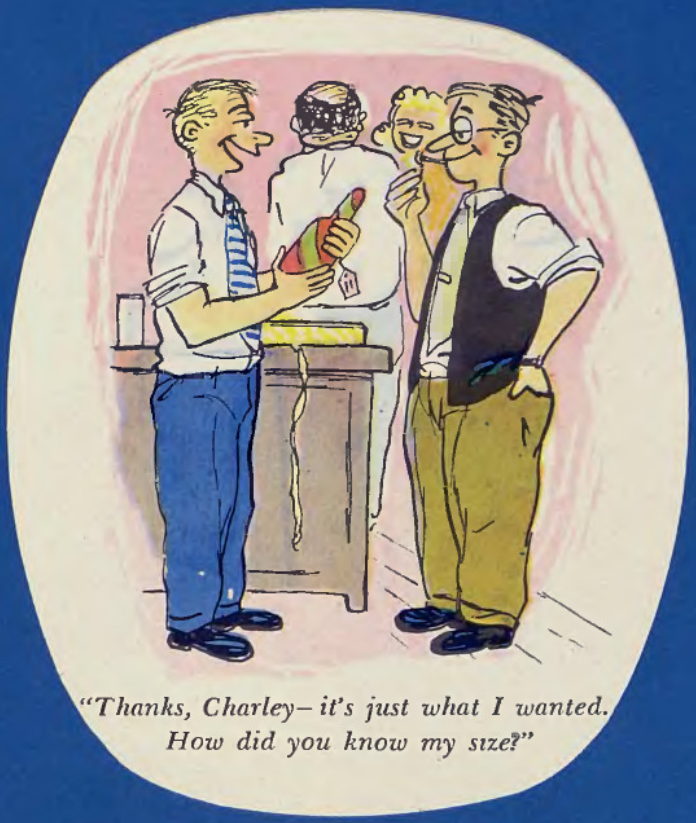
a great American institution, as fundamental to U.S. business as the coffee break, we doff our yuletide toppers to the office Christmas party.



"But mistletoe is just for kissing, Mr. Bigelow!"

the

"In keeping with our policy of basing the Christmas bonus on company profits, 5% will be deducted from each of your salaries this week."



"Thanks, Charley– it's just what I wanted. How did you know my size?"

"Clever idea. What do you call the other one?"

CHRISTMAS party

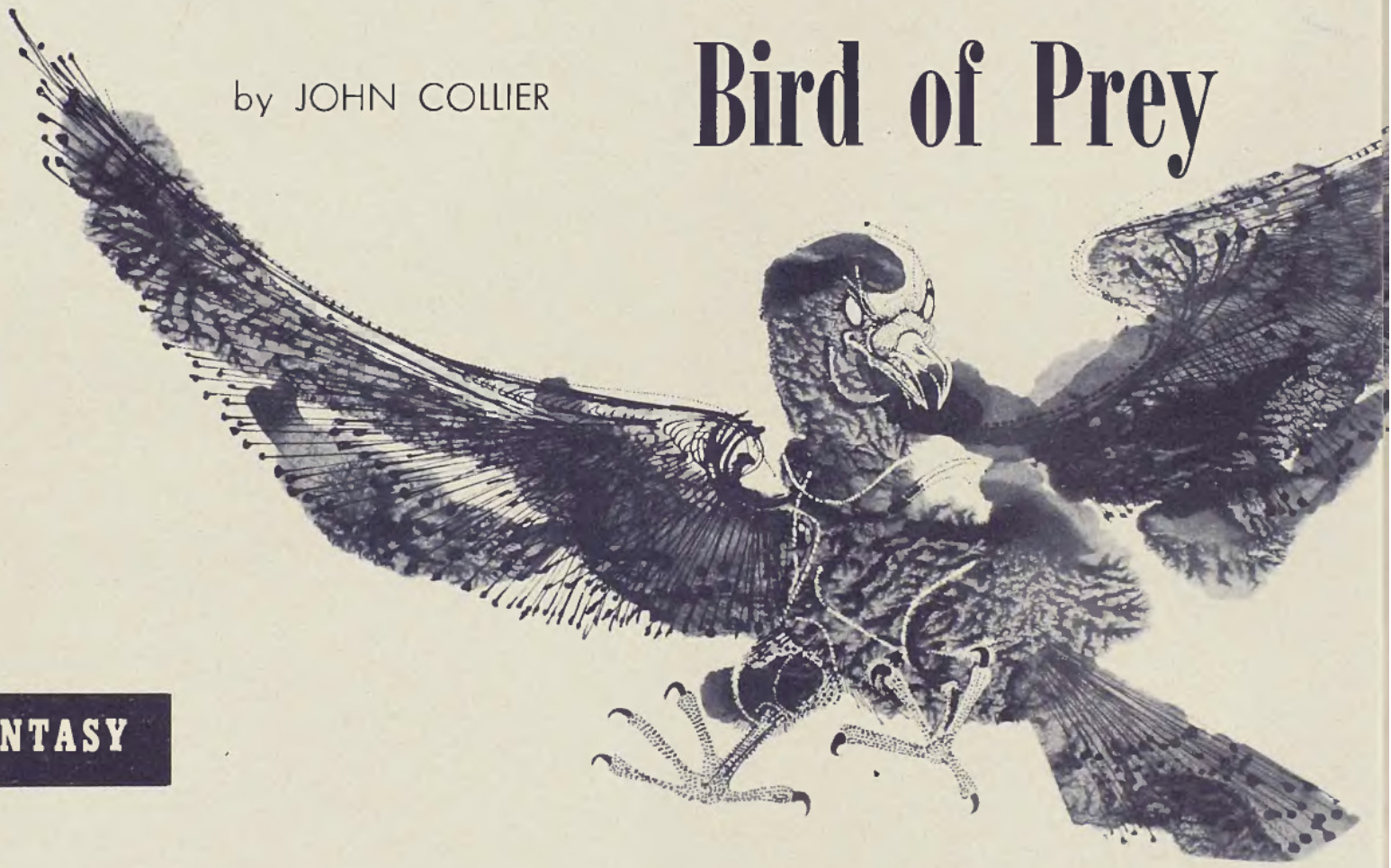
by Hef

"Martini?"

"Roll me over in the clover . . ."

Bird of Prey

by JOHN COLLIER



FANTASY

The house they call the engineer's house is now deserted. The new man from Baton Rouge gave it up after living less than a month in it, and built himself a two-room shack with his own money, on the very farthest corner of the company's land.

The roof has caved in, and most of the windows are smashed. Oddly enough, no birds nest in the shelter of the eaves, or take advantage of the forsaken rooms. An empty house is normally fine harborage for rats and mice and bats, but there is no squeak, or rustle, or scamper to disturb the quiet of this one. Only creatures utterly foreign, utterly remote from the most distant cousinhood to man, only the termite, the tarantula. and the scorpion indifferently make it their home.

All in a few years Edna Spalding's garden has been wiped out as if it had never existed. The porch where she and Jack sat so happily in the evenings is rotten under its load of wind-blown twigs and sand. A young tree has already burst up the boards outside the living-room window, so that they fan out like the stiff fingers of someone who is afraid. In this corner there still stands a strongly made parrot's perch, the wood of which has been left untouched even by the termite and the boring beetle.

The Spaldings brought a parrot with them when first they came. It was a sort of extra wedding present, given them at the last moment by Edna's mother. It was something from home for Edna to take into the wilds.

The parrot was already old, and he was called Tom, and, like other parrots, he sat on his perch. and whistled and laughed and uttered his few remarks, which were often very appropriate. Edna and Jack were both very fond of him, and they were overwhelmingly fond of each other. They liked their house, and the country, and Jack's colleagues, and everything in life seemed to be delightful.

One night they had just fallen asleep when they were awakened by a tremendous squawking and fluttering outside on the porch. "Oh, Jack!" cried Edna. "Get up! Hurry! Run! It's one of those cats from the men's camp has got hold of poor Tom!"

Jack sprang out of bed, but caught his foot in the sheet, and landed on his elbow on the floor. Between rubbing his elbow and disentangling his foot, he wasted a good many seconds before he was up again and had dashed through the living room and out upon the porch.

All this time, which seemed an age, the squawking and fluttering increased, but as he flung open the door it ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The whole porch was bathed in the brightest moonlight, and at the farther end the perch was clearly visible, and on the floor beneath it was poor old Tom parrot, gasping amid a litter of his own feathers, and crying, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

At any rate he was alive. Jack looked right and left for traces of his assailant, and at once noticed the long, heavy trailers of the vine were swinging violently although there was not a breath of wind. He went to the rail and looked out and around, but there was no sign of a cat. Of course, it was not likely there would be. Jack was more interested in the fact that the swaying vines were spread over a length of several feet, which seemed a very great deal of disturbance for a fleeing cat to make. Finally he looked up, and he thought he saw a bird — a big bird, an enormous bird — flying away; he just caught a glimpse of it as it crossed the brightness of the moon.

He turned back, and picked up old Tom. The poor parrot's chain was broken, and his heart was pounding away like mad, and still, like a creature hurt and shocked beyond all endurance, he cried, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

This was all the more odd, for it was seldom the old fellow came out with a new phrase, and Jack would have laughed heartily, except it sounded too pathetic. So he carefully examined the poor bird, and finding no injury beyond the loss of a handful of feathers from his neck, he replaced him on the perch, and turned to reassure Edna, who now appeared in the doorway.

"Is he dead?" cried she.

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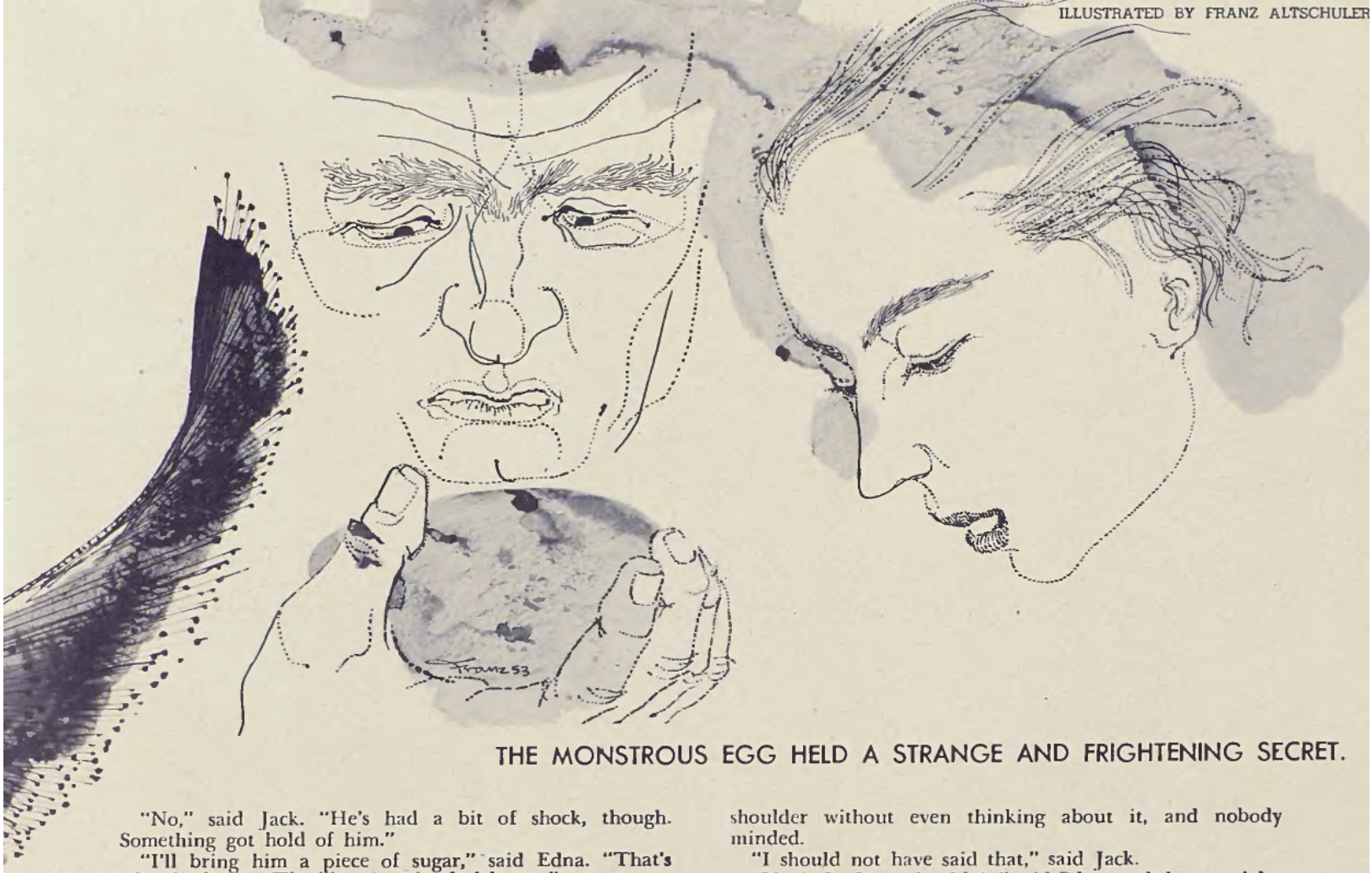
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANZ ALTSCHULER



THE MONSTROUS EGG HELD A STRANGE AND FRIGHTENING SECRET.

"No," said Jack. "He's had a bit of shock, though. Something got hold of him."

"I'll bring him a piece of sugar," said Edna. "That's what he loves. That'll make him feel better."

She soon brought the sugar, which Tom took in his claw, but though usually he would nibble it up with the greatest avidity, this time he turned his lackluster eye only once upon it, and gave a short, bitter, despairing sort of laugh, and let it fall to the ground.

"Let him rest," said Jack. "He has had a bad tousling."

"It was a cat," said Edna. "It was one of those beastly blacks that the men have at the camp."

"Maybe," said Jack. "On the other hand — I don't know. I thought I saw an enormous bird flying away."

"It couldn't be an eagle," said Edna. "There are none ever seen here."

"I know," said Jack. "Besides, they don't fly at night. Nor do the buzzards. It might have been an owl, I suppose, but —"

"But what?" said Edna.

"But it looked very much larger than an owl," said Jack.

"It was your fancy," said Edna. "It was one of those beastly cats that did it."

This point was discussed very frequently during the next few days. Everybody was consulted, and everybody had an opinion. Jack might have been a little doubtful at first, for he had caught only the briefest glimpse as the creature crossed the moon, but opposition made him more certain, and the discussions sometimes got rather heated.

"Charlie says it was all your imagination," said Edna. "He says no owl would ever attack a parrot."

"How the devil does he know?" said Jack. "Besides, I said it was bigger than an owl."

"He says that shows you imagine things," said Edna.

"Perhaps he would like me to think I do," said Jack. "Perhaps you both would."

"Oh, Jack!" cried Edna. She was deeply hurt, and not without reason, for it showed that Jack was still thinking of a ridiculous mistake he had made, a real mistake, of the sort that young husbands sometimes do make, when they come suddenly into a room and people are startled without any real reason for it. Charlie was young and free and easy and good-looking, and he would put his hand on your shoulder without even thinking about it, and nobody minded.

"I should not have said that," said Jack.

"No, indeed you shouldn't," said Edna, and she was right.

The parrot said nothing at all. All these days he had been moping and ailing, and seemed to have forgotten even how to ask for sugar. He only groaned and moaned to himself, ruffled up his feathers, and every now and then shook his head in the most rueful, miserable, despairing way you can possibly imagine.

One day, however, when Jack came home from work, Edna put her finger to her lips and beckoned him to the window. "Watch Tom," she whispered.

Jack peered out. There was the old bird, lugubriously climbing down from his perch and picking some dead stalks from the vine, which he carried up till he gained a corner where the balustrade ran into the wall, and added his gatherings to others that were already there. He trod round and round, twisted his stalks in and out, and, always with the same doleful expression, paid great attention to the nice disposal of a feather or two, a piece of wool, a fragment of cellophane. There was no doubt about it.

"There's no doubt about it," said Jack.

"He's making a nest!" cried Edna.

"He!" cried Jack. "He! I like that. The old imposter! the old male impersonator! She's going to lay an egg. Thomasina — that's her name from now on."

Thomasina it was. Two or three days later the matter was settled beyond the shadow of a doubt. There, one morning, in the ramshackle nest, was an egg.

"I thought she was sick because of that shaking she got," said Jack. "She was broody, that's all."

"It's a monstrous egg," said Edna. "Poor birdie!"

"What do you expect after God knows how many years?" said Jack, laughing. "Some birds lay eggs nearly as big as themselves — the kiwi or something. Still, I must admit it's a whopper."

"She doesn't look well," said Edna.

Indeed, the old parrot looked almost as sick as a parrot can be, which is several times sicker than any other living creature. Her eyes closed up, her head sank, and if a finger was put out to scratch her (*continued on page 35*)

a BRANDY COCKTAIL for men
by james montgomery flagg

DRINK

AMERICAN BEAUTY

½ oz. brandy

½ oz. dry vermouth

½ oz. grenadine

½ oz. orange juice

Dash white creme de menthe

Shake well with cracked ice, and strain into cocktail glass.

From BOTTOMS UP, copyright 1951 by Ted Saucier, published by Greystone Press.

Bird of Prey (*continued from page 33*)

she turned her beak miserably away. However, she sat conscientiously on the prodigious egg she had laid, though every day she seemed a little feebler than before.

"Perhaps we ought to take the egg away," said Jack. "We could get it blown, and keep it as a momento."

"No," said Edna. "Let her have it. It's all she's had in all these years."

Here Edna made a mistake, and she realized it a few mornings later. "Jack," she called. "Do come. It's Tom — Thomasina, I mean. I'm afraid she's going to die!"

"We ought to have taken the egg away," said Jack, coming out with his mouth full of breakfast food. "She exhausted herself. It's no good anyway. It's bound to be sterle."

"Look at her!" cried Edna.

"She's done for," said Jack, and at that moment the poor old bird keeled over and gasped her last.

"The egg killed her," said Jack, picking it up. "I said it would. Do you want to keep it? Oh, good Lord!" He put the egg down very quickly. "It's alive," he said.

"What?" said Edna. "What do you mean?"

"It gave me a turn," said Jack. "It's most extraordinary. It's against nature. There's a chick inside that egg, tapping."

"Let it out," said Edna. "Break the shell."

"I was right," said Jack. "It was a bird I saw. It must have been a stray parrot. Only it looked so big."

"I'm going to break the shell with a spoon," said Edna, running to fetch one.

"It'll be a lucky bird," said Jack when she returned. "Born with a silver spoon in its beak, so to speak. Be careful."

"I will," said Edna. "Oh, I do hope it lives."

With that she gingerly cracked the shell, the tapping increased, and soon they saw a well-developed beak tearing its way through. In another moment the chick was born.

"Golly," cried Jack. "What a monster!"

"It's because it's young," said Edna. "It'll grow lovely. Like its mother."

"Maybe," said Jack. "I must be off. Put it in the nest. Feed it pap. Keep it warm. Don't monkey with it too much. Good-by, my love."

That morning Jack telephoned home two or three times to find out how the chick was, and if it ate. He rushed home at lunchtime. In the evening everyone came around to peep at the nestling and offer advice.

Charlie was there. "It ought to be fed every hour at least," said he. "That's how it is in nature."

"He's right," said Jack. "For the first month at least, that's how it should be."

"It looks as if I'm going to be tied down a bit," said Edna ruefully.

"I'll look in when I pass and relieve your solitude," said Charlie.

"I'll manage to rush home now and then in the afternoon," said Jack a little too thoughtfully.

Certainly the hourly feeding seemed to agree with the chick, which grew at an almost alarming speed. It became covered with down, feathers sprouted; in a few months it was fully grown, and not in the least like its mother. For one thing, it was coal-black.

"It must be a hybrid," said Jack. "There is a black parrot; I've seen them in zoos. They didn't look much like this, though. I've half a mind to send a photograph of him somewhere."

"He looks so wicked," said Edna.

"He looks cunning," said Jack. "That bird knows everything, believe me. I bet he'll talk soon."

"It gave a sort of laugh," said Edna. "I forgot to tell you."

"When?" cried Jack. "A laugh?"

"Sort of," said Edna. "But it was horrible. It made Charlie nearly jump out of his skin."

"Charlie!" cried Jack. "You didn't say he'd been here."

"Well, you know how often he drops in," said Edna.

"Do I?" said Jack. "I hope I do. God! What was that?"

"That's what I meant," said Edna, "a sort of laugh."

"What a horrible sound!" said Jack.

"Listen, Jack," said Edna. "I wish you wouldn't be silly about Charlie. You are, you know."

Jack looked at her. "I know I am," said he. "I know it when I look at you. And then I think I never will be again. But somehow it's got stuck in my mind, and the least little thing brings it on. Maybe I'm just a bit crazy, on that one subject."

"Well, he'll be transferred soon," said Edna. "And that'll be the end of it."

"Where did you hear that?" said Jack.

"He told me this afternoon," said Edna. "He was on his way back from getting the mail when he dropped in. That's why he told me first. Otherwise he'd have told you first. Only he hasn't seen you yet. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see," said Jack. "I wish I could be psychoanalyzed or something."

Soon Charlie made his farewells, and departed for his job on the company's other project. Edna was secretly glad to see him go: she wanted no problems, however groundless, to exist between herself and Jack. A few days later she felt sure that all the problems were solved forever.

"Jack," said she when he came home in the evening.

"Yes," said he.

"Something new," said she. "Don't play with that bird. Listen to me."

"Call him Polly," said Jack. They had named it Polly to be on the safe side. "You don't want to call him 'that bird.' The missus doesn't love you, Poll."

"Do you know, I don't!" said Edna, with quite startling vehemence. "I don't like him at all, Jack. Let's give him away."

"What? For heaven's sake!" cried Jack. "This rare, black, specially hatched Poll? This parrot of romantic origin? The cleverest Poll that ever—"

"That's it," said Edna. "He's too darned clever. Jack, I hate him. He's horrible."

"What? Has he said something you don't like?" said Jack, laughing. "I bet he will, when he talks. But what's the news, anyway?"

"Come inside," said Edna. "I'm not going to tell you with that creature listening." She led the way into the bedroom. "The news is," said she, "that I've got to be humored. And if I don't like anything, it's got to be given away. It's not going to be born with a beak because its mother was frightened by a hateful monstrosity of a parrot."

"What?" said Jack.

"That's what," said Edna, smiling and nodding.

"A brat?" cried Jack in delight. "A boy! Or a girl! It's bound to be one or the other. Listen: I was afraid to tell you how much I wanted one, Edna. Oh boy! This is going to make everything very, very fine. Lie down. You're delicate. Put your feet up. I'm going to fix dinner. This is practice Stay still. Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Oh, boy!"

He went out through the living room on his way to the kitchen. As he passed the window he caught sight of the parrot on the dark porch outside, and he put his head through to speak to it.

"Have you heard the news?" said he. "Behold a father! You're going to be cut right out, my bird. You're going to be given away. Yes, sir, it's a baby."

The parrot gave a long low whistle. "You don't say so?" said he in a husky voice, a voice of apprehension, a quite astonishing imitation of Charlie's voice. "What about Jack?"

"What's that?" said Jack startled.

"He'll think it's his," whispered the parrot in Edna's voice. "He's fool enough for anything. Kiss me, darling. Phew-w-!

You don't say so? What about Jack? He'll think it's his, he's fool enough for anything. Kiss me, darling. Phew-w-!"

Jack went out into the kitchen, and sat down with his head in his hands for several minutes.

"Hurry up!" cried Edna from the bedroom, "Hurry up—Father!"

"I'm coming," said Jack.

He went to his desk and took out the revolver. Then he went into the bedroom.

The parrot laughed. Then, lifting its claw, it took the chain in its beak, and bit through it as if it were paper.

Jack came out, holding the gun, his hand over his eyes. "Fool enough for anything!" and the parrot laughed.

Jack turned the gun on himself. As he did so, in the infinitesimal interval between the beginning and the end of the movement of his finger on the trigger, he saw the bird grow, spread its dark wings, and its eyes flamed, and it changed, and it launched itself towards him.

The gun went off. Jack dropped to the floor. The parrot, or whatever it was, sailing down, seized what came out of his ruined mouth, and wheeled back through the window, and was soon far away, visible for a moment only as it swept on broader wings past the new-risen moon.

Bob Hope PICKS

PLAYBOY wanted to give its readers something extra special for Christmas and the most extra special thing we could think of was a beautiful girl. So we collected a whole bevy of pulchritudinous females and asked comedian Bob Hope to select one of them as a very special yuletide treat.

Bob Hope looks over the curvy crowd before beginning the judging.

Beauties strut their stuff and all agree they've plenty of stuff to strut. Hope jots notes on his cuff . . . names, phone numbers.

A BEAUTY FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS STOCKING

More viewing and reviewing, then a final selection. Our judge's choice — not one, but two delightful Christmas cuties — a twin package to brighten your holidays. If you've been a good playboy all year, look for them under your tree on Christmas morn.

tales from the DECAMERON

A new translation of one of the choicest stories from Boccaccio's bawdy classic.

By M. S. MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON BELLIN

THE 1st TALE OF THE 8th DAY

You've heard many stories of the tricks women play upon men. I'd like to amuse you now with the tale of a trick played by a man on a woman.

Don't misunderstand. I do not mean to blame the man, or to suggest that the woman did not deserve it. I merely wish to show that men can trick those who trust them, even as they, themselves, are tricked by those whom they trust. Properly speaking, my tale concerns a just punishment rather than a trick. Let me explain.

I believe you will agree that modesty becomes a woman, and that she should be expected to guard her chastity as she would her life. Being human, however, this is not always possible. Therefore, I say that a woman who gives up her chastity for money deserves the fires of hell, but the woman who yields to love, deserves pardon.

The lady agreed to lie with the soldier in return for 200 gold florins.

Now there once lived in Milan a German soldier named Gulfardo—a bold but honorable fellow. This soldier became infatuated with a beautiful woman named Madonna Ambruogia—the wife of one of his friends, a wealthy merchant named Guasparruolo Cagastraccio.

The soldier kept his feelings to himself, so neither the merchant nor any other person was aware of them. At last, however, overcome by his emotions, he spoke to the lady. He told her of his love and begged her to submit to him.

After suitable hesitation, the lady consented — she would yield, she said, on two conditions. The first was that no one should learn of the affair. The second was the payment of two hundred gold florins to satisfy certain of her womanly needs. If the handsome soldier would present her with that sum, she would be at his command from that day forward.

Gulfardo was shocked and deeply hurt by the greediness of his lady. And, indeed, her selfish words promptly turned his love to intense dislike. He resolved, upon the spot, to play a trick on her, and so agreed to her demands. She was to let him know when she wished him to come to her with the money. He further promised that no one should know of the affair except one friend whom he trusted with his closest confidences.

A few days later the lady sent word to Gulfardo that her husband was going to Genoa on business for a few days. She promised Gulfardo to let him know the exact time and send for him.

Gulfardo read the lady's message, and went immediately to the husband, Guasparruolo, and said:

"I need two hundred florins for a certain affair, and I want you to lend them to me at your usual rate of interest."

Guasparruolo trusted Gulfardo, and since the lending of money was his business, he promptly counted out the two hundred florins. Later he left for Genoa and his wife promptly notified Gulfardo of his absence.

Her note asked Gulfardo to come to her and reminded him to be sure and bring the money. Gulfardo invited his close friend to go with him and together they traveled to the lady's house. They found her awaiting them with a smile. Gulfardo immediately poured the two hundred florins into her hands before the eyes of his friend and said:

"Madonna, take this money and give it to your husband when he returns."

The lady assumed Gulfardo's strange words to be a method of fooling his friend and disguising the fact that the money was really a payment for her body.

"I will gladly do so, but I must count it first," she said.

She poured the coins out on a table, counted them and found that there were, indeed, two hundred. Thus satisfied that her demands had been met, she invited Gulfardo to her room. There she allowed him to satisfy himself on her body, not only that night, but on many others before her husband returned from Genoa.

When the soldier heard that Guasparruolo had returned, he went to the merchant's home at once, taking his close friend with him. He found Guasparruolo and his wife seated together, and so he said, "Guasparruolo, I did not need the two hundred gold florins you lent me because I was unable to carry out the affair for which I borrowed them. I brought them to your wife in your absence and gave them to her, so you must cancel my debt."

Guasparruolo turned to his wife for confirmation and she, remembering that Gulfardo's friend had witnessed the transaction, could not deny it.

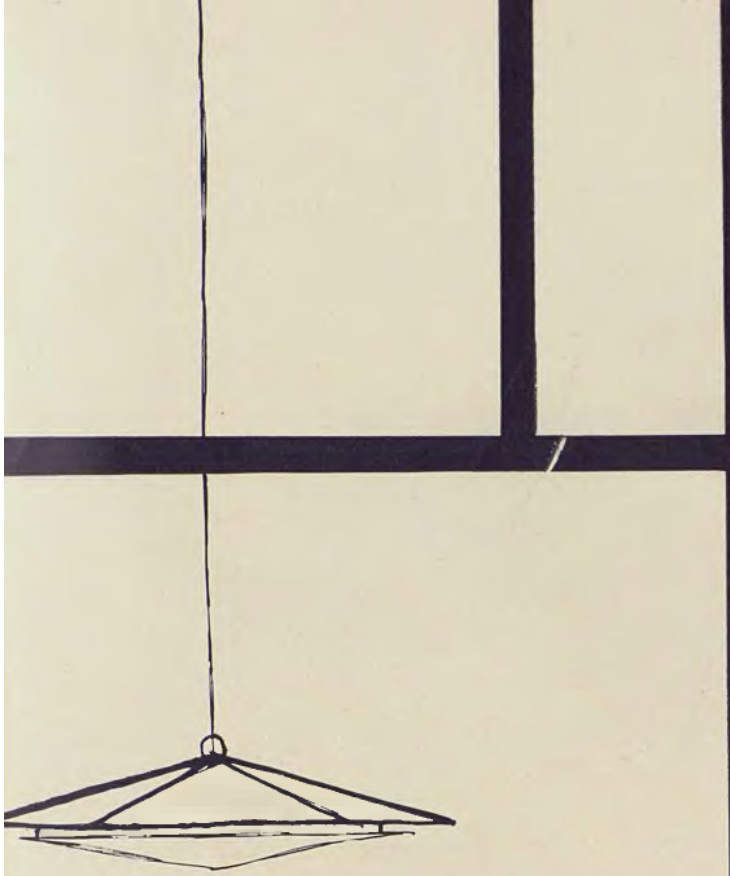
She was forced to say, "Yes, I hid the money away and forgot to tell you about it."

"I am satisfied," said the merchant. "Your debt is cancelled, Gulfardo."

Gulfardo thanked him and departed, and the tricked lady had to present her husband with her ill gotten gains. Thus the clever lover enjoyed his mercenary mistress for nothing.

"Up those stairs and down the hall —

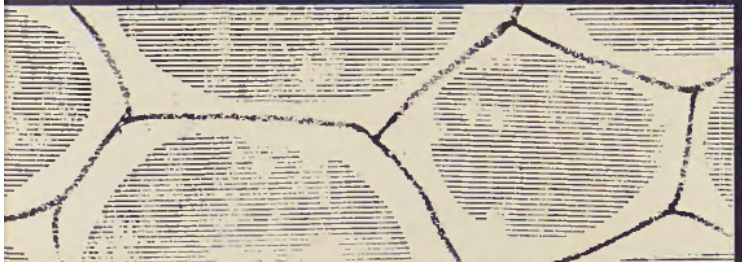
it's the first door on your left."

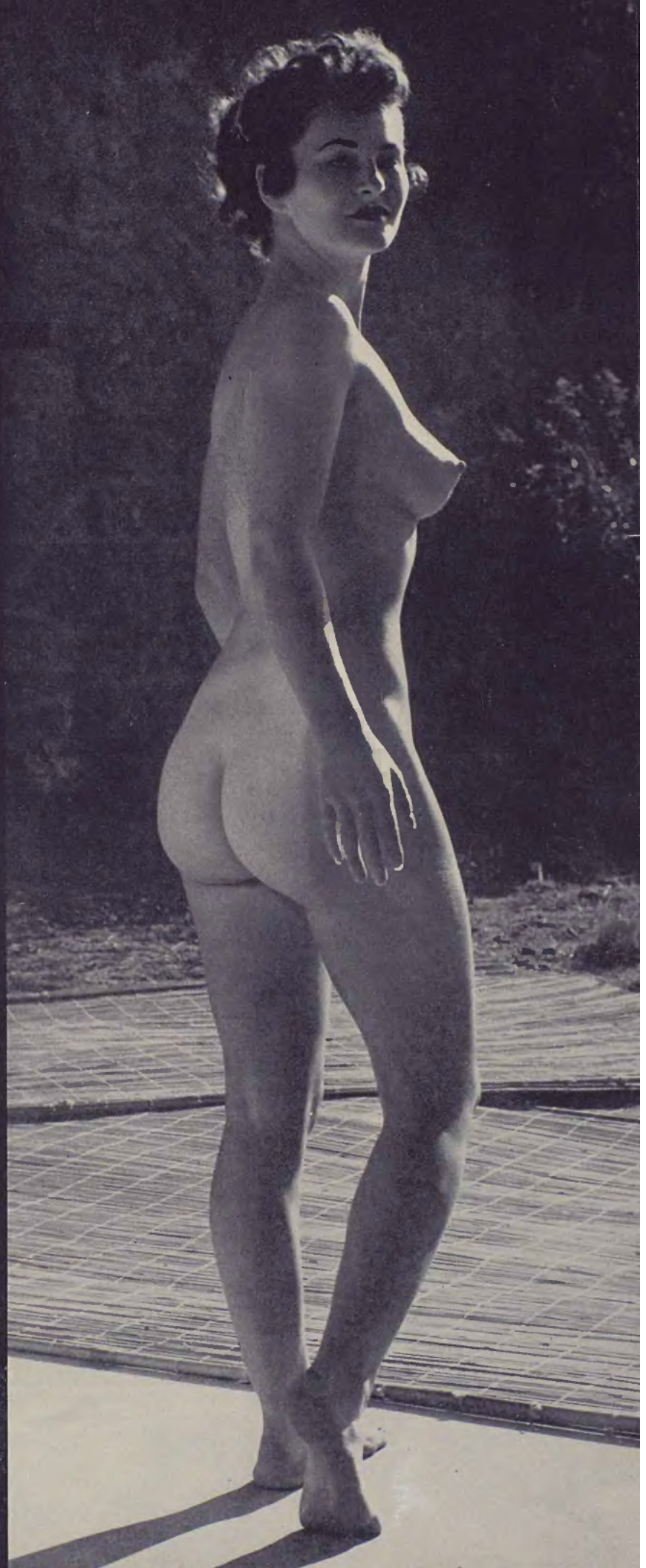


at home with DIENES

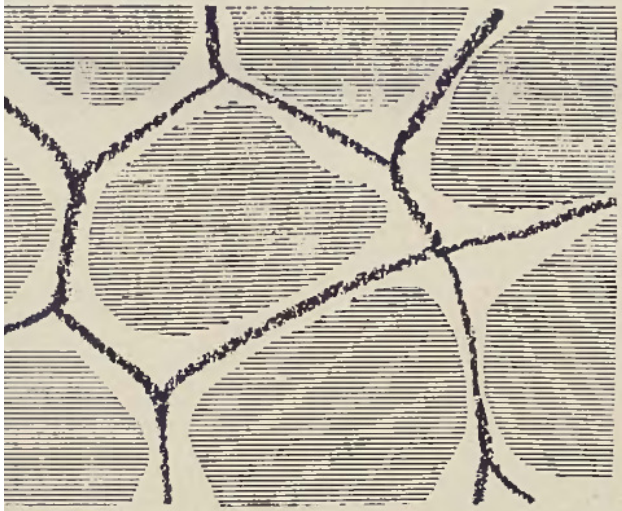
SOME say you can judge a man by the way he furnishes his home. If that's true, photographer Andre de Dienes is just about the most interesting guy we've ever heard tell about. He has one of those modern ranch-style houses stuck up on a hill in sunny California, and he sent us some pictures of it the other day. We've got to admit, we approve of the decor and we'd like to furnish our own apartment in a similar style if Andre will just send us the names and phone numbers.

Andre's sun-porch—complete with sunbather, of course.

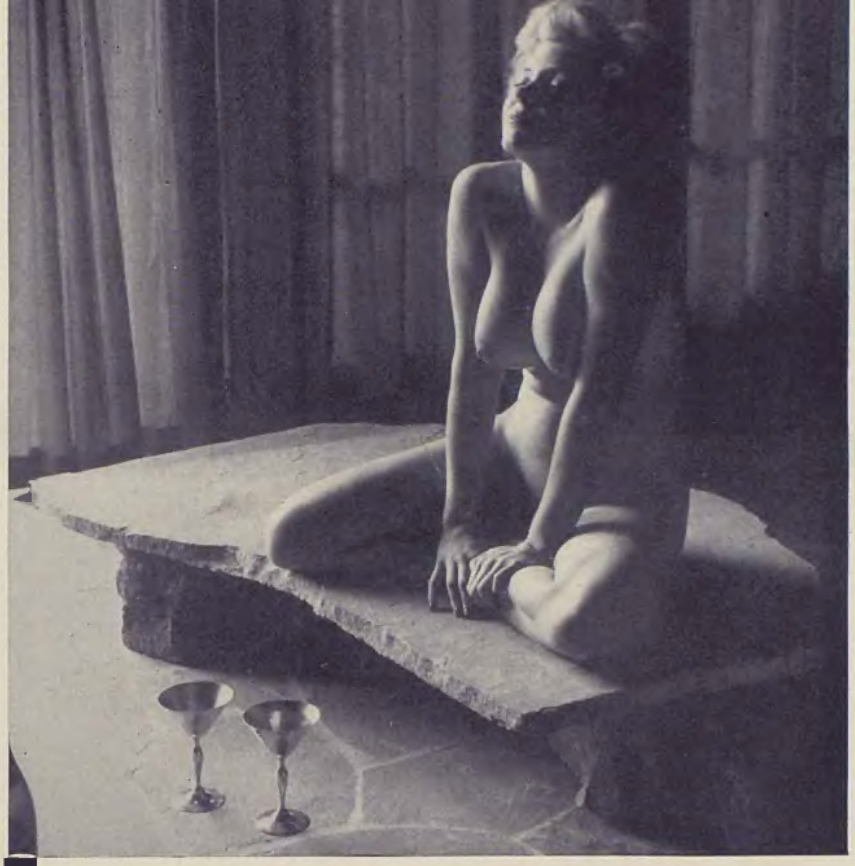




"Shay, Andre, what's in this drink?



The living room features two stone tables—ideal for the casual get-togethers so popular in California. And Andre's get-togethers are apparently casual in the extreme.



The bedroom includes, of course, a bed—and a very attractive young lady, too. Andre explains that shooting pictures like this is strictly business with him. Believe we'll dig up our old brownie and go into business for ourselves this weekend.

Scandal (*continued from page* 28)

amazing powers in the use of disguises, I had to look three times before I was certain that it was indeed he. With a nod he vanished into the bedroom, whence he emerged in five minutes tweed-suited and respectable, as of old. Putting his hands into his pockets, he stretched out his legs in front of the fire and laughed heartily for some minutes.

"Well, really!" he cried, and then he choked and laughed again until he was obliged to lie back, limp and helpless, in the chair.

"What is it?"

"It's quite too funny. I am sure you could never guess how I employed my morning, or what I ended by doing."

"I can't imagine. I suppose that you have been watching the habits, and perhaps the house, of Miss Irene Adler."

"Quite so; but the sequel was rather unusual. I will tell you, however. I left the house a little after eight o'clock this morning in the character of a groom out of work. There is a wonderful sympathy and freemasonry among horsy men. Be one of them, and you will know all that there is to know. I soon found Briony Lodge. It is a bijou villa, with a garden at the back, but built out in front right up to the road, two stories. Chubb lock to the door. Large sittingroom on the right side, well furnished, with long windows almost to the floor, and those preposterous English window fasteners which a child could open. Behind there was nothing remarkable, save that the passage window could be reached from the top of the coach-house. I walked round it and examined it closely from every point of view, but without noting anything else of interest.

"I then lounged down the street and found, as I expected, that there was a mews in a lane which runs down by one wall of the garden. I lent the ostlers a hand in rubbing down their horses, and received in exchange twopence, a glass of half and half, two fills of shag tobacco, and as much information as I could desire about Miss Adler, to say nothing of half a dozen other people in the neighborhood in whom I was not in the least interested, but whose biographies I was compelled to listen to."

"And what of Irene Adler?" I asked.

"Oh, she has turned all the men's heads down in that part. She is the daintiest thing under a bonnet on this planet. So say the Serpentine-mews, to a man. She lives quietly, sings at concerts, drives out at five every day, and returns at seven sharp for dinner. Seldom goes out at other times, except when she sings. Has only one male visitor, but a good deal of him. He is dark, handsome, and dashing, never calls less than once a day, and often twice. He is a Mr. Godfrey Norton, of the Inner Temple. See the advantages of a cabman as a confidant. They had driven him home a dozen times from Serpentine-mews, and knew all about him. When I had listened to all they had to tell, I began to walk up and down near Briony Lodge once more, and to think over my plan of campaign.

"This Godfrey Norton was evidently an important factor in the matter. He was a lawyer. That sounded ominous. What was the relation between them, and what the object of his repeated visits? Was she his client, his friend, or his mistress? If the former, she had probably transferred the photograph to his keeping. If the latter, it was less likely. On the issue of this question depended whether I should continue my work at Briony Lodge, or turn my attention to the gentleman's chambers in the Temple. It was a delicate point, and it widened the field of my inquiry. I fear that I bore you with these details, but I have to let you see my little difficulties, if you are to understand the situation."

"I am following you closely," I answered.

"I was still balancing the matter in my mind when a hansom cab drove up to Briony Lodge, and a gentleman sprang out. He was a remarkably handsome man, dark, aquiline, and moustached — evidently the man of whom I had heard. He appeared to be in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait, and brushed past the maid who opened the door with the air of a man who was thoroughly at home.

"He was in the house about half an hour, and I could catch glimpses of him in the windows of the sitting-room, pacing up and down, talking excitedly, and waving his arms. Of her I could see nothing. Presently he emerged, looking even more flurried than before. As he stepped up to the cab, he pulled a gold watch from his pocket and looked at it earnestly, 'Drive like the devil,' he shouted, 'first to Gross & Hankey's in Regent Street, and then to the Church of St. Monica in the Edgeware Road. Half a guinea if you do it in twenty minutes!'

"Away they went, and I was just wondering whether I should not do well to follow them when up the lane came a neat little landau, the coachman with his coat only half-buttoned, and his tie under his ear, while all the tags of his harness were sticking out of the buckles. It hadn't pulled up before she shot out of the hall door and into it. I only caught a glimpse of her at the moment, but she was a lovely woman, with a face that a man might die for.

"'The Church of St. Monica, John,' she cried, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.'

"This was quite too good to lose, Watson. I was just balancing whether I should run for it, or whether I should perch behind her landau when a cab came through the street. The driver looked twice at such a shabby fare, but I jumped in before he could object. 'The Church of St. Monica,' said I, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.' It was twenty-five to twelve, and of course it was clear enough what was in the wind.

"My cabby drove fast. I don't think I ever drove faster, but the others were there before us. The cab and the landau with their steaming horses were in front of the door when I arrived. I paid the man and hurried into the church. There was not a soul there save the two whom I had followed and a surpliced clergyman, who seemed to be expostulating with them. They were all three standing in a knot in front of the altar. I lounged up the side aisle like any other idler who has dropped into a church. Suddenly, to my surprise, the three at the altar faced round to me, and Godfrey Norton came running as hard as he could towards me.

"'Thank God,' he cried. 'You'll do. Come! Come!'

"'What then?' I asked.

"'Come, man, come, only three minutes, or it won't be legal.'

"I was half-dragged up to the altar, and before I knew where I was I found myself mumbling responses which were whispered in my ear, and vouching for things of which I knew nothing, and generally assisting in the secure tying up of Irene Adler, spinster, to Godfrey Norton, bachelor. It was all done in an instant, and there was the gentleman thanking me on the one side and the lady on the other, while the clergyman beamed on me in front. It was the most preposterous position in which I ever found myself in my life, and it was the thought of it that started me laughing just now. It seems that there had been some informality about their license, that the clergyman absolutely refused to marry them without a witness of some sort, and that my lucky appearance saved the bridegroom from having to sally out into the streets in search of a best man. The bride gave me a sovereign, and I mean to wear it on my watch-chain in memory of the occasion."

"This is a very unexpected turn of affairs," said I; "and what then?"

"Well, I found my plans very seriously menaced. It looked as if the pair might take an immediate departure, and so necessitate very prompt and energetic measures on my part. At the church door, however, they separated, he driving back to the temple, and she to her own house. 'I shall drive out in the park at five as usual,' she said as she left him. I heard no more. They drove away in different directions, and I went off to make my own arrangements."

"Which are?"

"Some cold beef and a glass of beer," he answered, ringing the bell. "I have been too busy to think of food, and I am likely to be busier still this evening. By the way, Doctor, I shall want your cooperation."

"I shall be delighted."

"You don't mind breaking the law?"

"Not in the least."

"Nor running a chance of arrest?"

"Not in a good cause."

"Oh, the cause is excellent!"

"Then I am your man."

"I was sure that I might rely on you."

"But what is it you wish?"

"When Mrs. Turner has brought in the tray I will make it clear to you. Now," he said as he turned hungrily on the simple fare that our landlady had provided, "I must discuss it while I eat, for I have not much time. It is nearly five now. In two hours we must be on the scene of action. Miss Irene, or Madame, rather, returns from her drive at seven. We must be at Briony Lodge to meet her."

"And what then?"

"You must leave that to me. I have already arranged what is to occur. There is only one point on which I must insist. You must not interfere, come what may. You understand?"

"I am to be neutral?"

"To do nothing whatever. There will probably be some small unpleasantness. Do not join in it. It will end in my being conveyed into the house. Four or five minutes afterwards the sitting-room window will open. You are to station yourself close to that open window."

"Yes."

(*continued on page* 46)

"I'm only supposed to give gifts to the good girls, Miss Moore -- but then, you're not BAD!"

Scandal (*continued from page 44*)

"You are to watch me, for I will be visible to you."

"Yes."

"And when I raise my hand — so — you will throw into the room what I give you to throw, and will, at the same time, raise the cry of fire. You quite follow me?"

"Entirely."

"It is nothing very formidable," he said, taking a long cigar-shaped roll from his pocket. "It is an ordinary plumber's smoke-rocket, fitted with a cap at either end to make it self-lighting. Your task is confined to that. When you raise your cry of fire, it will be taken up by quite a number of people. You may then walk to the end of the street, and I will rejoin you in ten minutes. I hope that I have made myself clear?"

"I am to remain neutral, to get near the window, to watch you, and at the signal to throw in this object, then to raise the cry of fire, and to wait you at the corner of the street."

"Precisely."

"Then you may entirely rely on me."

"That is excellent. I think, perhaps, it is almost time that I prepare for the new role I have to play."

He disappeared into his bedroom and returned in a few minutes in the character of an amiable and simple-minded Nonconformist clergyman. His broad black hat, his baggy trousers, his white tie, his sympathetic smile, and general look of peering and benevolent curiosity were such as Mr. John Hare alone could have equalled. It was not merely that Holmes changed his costume. His expression, his manner, his very soul seemed to vary with every fresh part that he assumed. The stage lost a fine actor, even as science lost an acute reasoner, when he became a specialist in crime.

It was a quarter past six when we left Baker Street, and it still wanted ten minutes to the hour when we found ourselves in Serpentine Avenue. It was already dusk, and the lamps were just being lighted as we paced up and down in front of Briony Lodge, waiting for the coming of its occupant. The house was just such as I had pictured it from Sherlock Holmes's succinct description, but the locality appeared to be less private than I expected. On the contrary, for a small street in a quiet neighbourhood, it was remarkably animated. There was a group of shabbily dressed men smoking and laughing in a corner, a scissors-grinder with his wheel, two guardsmen who were flirting with a nurse-girl, and several well-dressed young men who were lounging up and down with cigars in their mouths.

"You see," remarked Holmes, as we paced to and fro in front of the house, "this marriage rather simplifies matters. The photograph becomes a double-edged weapon now. The chances are that she would be as averse to its being seen by Mr. Godfrey Norton, as our client is to its coming to the eyes of his princess. Now the question is, where are we to find the photograph?"

"Where, indeed?"

"It is most unlikely that she carries it about with her. It is cabinet size. Too large for easy concealment about a woman's dress. She knows that the King is capable of having her waylaid and searched. Two attempts of the sort have already been made. We may take it, then, that she does not carry it about with her."

"Where, then?"

"Her banker or her lawyer. There is that double possibility. But I am inclined to think neither. Women are naturally secretive, and they like to do their own secreting. Why should she hand it over to anyone else? She could trust her own guardianship, but she could not tell what indirect or political influence might be brought to bear upon a business man. Besides, remember that she had resolved to use it within a few days. It must be where she can lay her hands upon it. It must be in her own house."

"But it has twice been burgled."

"Pshaw! They did not know how to look."

"But how will you look?"

"I will not look."

"What then?"

"I will get her to show me."

"But she will refuse."

"She will not be able to. But I hear the rumble of wheels. It is her carriage. Now carry out my orders to the letter."

As he spoke the gleam of the side-lights of a carriage came round the curve of the avenue. It was a smart little landau which rattled up to the door of Briony Lodge. As it pulled up, one of the loafing men at the corner dashed forward to open the door in the hope of earning a copper, but was elbowed away by another loafer, who had rushed up with the same intention. A fierce quarrel broke out, which was increased by the two guardsmen, who took sides with one of the loungers, and by the scissors-grinder, who was equally hot upon the other side. A blow was struck, and in an instant the lady, who had stepped from her carriage, was the centre of a little knot of flushed and struggling men, who struck savagely at each other with their fists and sticks. Holmes dashed into the crowd to protect the lady; but just as he reached her he gave a cry and dropped to the ground, with the blood running freely down his face. At his fall the guardsmen took to their heels in one direction and the loungers in the other, while a number of better-dressed people, who had watched the scuffle without taking part in it, crowded in to help the lady and to attend to the injured man. Irene Adler, as I will still call her, had hurried up the steps; but she stood at the top with her superb figure outlined against the lights of the hall, looking back into the street.

"Is the poor gentleman much hurt?" she asked.

"He is dead," cried several voices.

"No, no, there's life in him!" shouted another . "But he'll be gone before you can get him to hospital."

"He's a brave fellow," said a woman. "They would have had the lady's purse and watch if it hadn't been for him. They were a gang, and a rough one, too. Ah, he's breathing now."

"He can't lie in the street. May we bring him in, marm?"

"Surely. Bring him into the sitting-room. There is a comfortable sofa. This way, please!"

Slowly and solemnly he was borne into Briony Lodge and laid out in the principal room, while I still observed the proceedings from my post by the window. The lamps had been lit, but the blinds had not been drawn, so that I could see Holmes as he lay upon the couch. I do not know whether he was seized with compunction at that moment for the part he was playing, but I know that I never felt more heartily ashamed of myself in my life than when I saw the beautiful creature against whom I was conspiring, or the grace and kindliness with which she waited upon the injured man. And yet it would be the blackest treachery to Holmes to draw back now from the part which he had intrusted to me. I hardened my heart, and took the smoke-rocket from under my ulster. After all, I thought, we are not injuring her. We are but preventing her from injuring another.

Holmes had sat up upon the couch, and I saw him motion like a man who is in need of air. A maid rushed across and threw open the window. At the same instant I saw him raise his hand, and at the signal I tossed my rocket into the room with a cry of "Fire!" The word was no sooner out of my mouth than the whole crowd of spectators, well dressed and ill — gentlemen, ostlers, and servent-maids — joined in a general shriek of "Fire!" Thick clouds of smoke curled through the room and out at the open window. I caught a glimpse of rushing figures, and a moment later the voice of Holmes from within assuring them that it was a false alarm. Slipping through the shouting crowd I made my way to the corner of the street, and in ten minutes was rejoiced to find my friend's arm in mine, and to get away from the scene of uproar. He walked swiftly and in silence for some few minutes until we had turned down one of the quiet streets which lead towards the Edgeware Road.

"You did it very nicely, Doctor," he remarked. "Nothing could have been better. It is all right."

"You have the photograph?"

"I know where it is."

"And how did you find out?"

"She showed me, as I told you she would."

"I am still in the dark."

"I do not wish to make a mystery," said he, laughing. "The matter was perfectly simple. You, of course, saw that everyone in the street was an accomplice. They were all engaged for the evening."

"I guessed as much."

"Then, when the row broke out, I had a little moist red paint in the palm of my hand. I rushed forward, fell down, clapped my hand to my face, and became a piteous spectacle. It is an old trick."

"That also I could fathom."

"Then they carried me in. She was bound to have me in. What else could she do? And into her sitting-room, which was the very room which I suspected. It lay between that and her bedroom, and I was determined to see which. They laid me on a couch. I motioned for air, they were compelled to open the window, and you had your chance."

"How did that help you?"

"It was all-important. When a woman thinks that her house is on fire, her instinct is at once to rush to the thing which she values most. It is a perfectly overpowering impulse, and I have more than once taken advantage of it. In the case of the Darlington substitution (*continued on page 49*)

Courtesy of Sundblom, Johnston and White, Inc.

"But, Mr. Johnston — won't your paints dry out?"

"Criticize, Mr. Bradshaw, criticize!"

Scandal (*continued from page 46*)

scandal it was of use to me, and also in the Arnsworth Castle business. A married woman grabs at her baby; an unmarried one reaches for her jewel-box. Now it was clear to me that our lady of to-day had nothing in the house more precious to her than what we are in quest of. She would rush to secure it. The alarm of fire was admirably done. The smoke and shouting were enough to shake nerves of steel. She responded beautifully. The photograph is in a recess behind a sliding panel just above the right bell-pull. She was there in an instant, and I caught a glimpse of it as she half-drew it out. When I cried out that it was a false alarm, she replaced it, glanced at the rocket, rushed from the room, and I have not seen her since. I rose, and, making my excuses, escaped from the house. I hesitated whether to attempt to secure the photograph at once; but the coachman had come in, and as he was watching me narrowly it seemed safer to wait. A little over-precipitance may ruin all."

"And now?" I asked.

"Our quest is practically finished. I shall call with the King to-morrow, and with you, if you care to come with us. We will be shown into the sitting-room to wait for the lady, but it is probable that when she comes she may find neither us nor the photograph. It might be a satisfaction to his Majesty to regain it with his own hands."

"And when will you call?"

"At eight in the morning. She will not be up, so that we shall have a clear field. Besides, we must be prompt, for this marriage may mean a complete change in her life and habits. I must wire to the King without delay."

We had reached Baker Street and had stopped at the door. He was searching his pockets for the key when someone passing said:

"Good-night, Mister Sherlock Holmes."

There were several people on the pavement at the time, but the greeting appeared to come from a slim youth in an ulster who had hurried by.

"I've heard that voice before," said Holmes, staring down the dimly lit street. "Now, I wonder who the deuce that could have been."

III

I slept at Baker Street that night, and we were engaged upon our toast and coffee in the morning when the King of Bohemia rushed into the room.

"You have really got it!" he cried, grasping Sherlock Holmes by either shoulder and looking eagerly into his face.

"Not yet."

"But you have hopes?"

"I have hopes."

"Then, come. I am all impatience to be gone."

"We must have a cab."

"No, my brougham is waiting."

"Then that will simplify matters." We descended and started off once more for Briony Lodge.

"Irene Adler is married," remarked Holmes.

"Married! When?"

"Yesterday."

"But to whom?"

"To an English lawyer named Norton."

"But she could not love him."

"I am in hopes that she does."

"And why in hopes?"

"Because it would spare your Majesty all fear of future annoyance. If the lady loves her husband, she does not love your Majesty. If she does not love your Majesty, there is no reason why she should interfere with your Majesty's plan."

"It is true. And yet — Well! I wish she had been of my own station! What a queen she would have made!" He relapsed into a moody silence, which was not broken until we drew up in Serpentine Avenue.

The door of Briony Lodge was open, and an elderly woman stood upon the steps. She watched us with a sardonic eye as we stepped from the brougham.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I believe?" said she.

"I am Mr. Holmes," answered my companion, looking at her with a questioning and rather startled gaze.

"Indeed! My mistress told me that you were likely to call. She left this morning with her husband by the 5:15 train from Charing Cross for the Continent."

"What!" Sherlock Holmes staggered back, white with chagrin and surprise. "Do you mean that she has left England?"

"Never to return."

"And the papers?" asked the King hoarsely. "All is lost."

"We shall see." He pushed past the servent and rushed into the drawing-room, followed by the King and myself. The furniture was scattered about in every direction, with dismantled shelves and open drawers, as if the lady had hurriedly ransacked them before her flight. Holmes rushed at the bell-pull, tore back a small sliding shutter, and, plunging in his hand, pulled out a photograph and a letter. The photograph was of Irene Adler herself in evening dress, the letter was superscribed to "Sherlock Holmes, Esq. To be left till called for." My friend tore it open, and we all three read it together. It was dated at midnight of the preceding night and ran in this way:

My Dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes:

You really did it very well. You took me in completely. Until after the alarm of fire, I had not a suspicion. But then, when I found how I had betrayed myself, I began to think. I had been warned against you months ago. I had been told that if the King employed an agent it would certainly be you. And your address had been given me. Yet, with all this, you made me reveal what you wanted to know. Even after I became suspicious, I found it hard to think evil of such a dear, kind old clergyman. But, you know, I have been trained as an actress myself. Male costume is nothing new to me. I often take advantage of the freedom which it gives. I sent John, the coachman, to watch you, ran upstairs, got into my walking-clothes, as I call them, and came down just as you departed.

Well, I followed you to your door, and so made sure that I was really an object of interest to the celebrated Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Then I, rather imprudently, wished you good-night, and started for the Temple to see my husband.

We both thought the best resource was flight, when pursued by so formidable an antagonist; so you will find the nest empty when you call tomorrow. As to the photograph, your client may rest in peace. I love and am loved by a better man than he. The King may do what he will without hindrance from one whom he has cruelly wronged. I keep it only to safe-guard myself, and to preserve a weapon which will always secure me from any steps which he might take in the future. I leave a photograph which he might care to possess; and I remain, dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes,

Very truly yours,
Irene Norton, nee Adler

"What a woman — oh, what a woman!" cried the King of Bohemia, when we had all three read this epistle. "Did I not tell you how quick and resolute she was? Would she not have made an admirable queen? Is it not a pity that she was not on my level?"

"From what I have seen of the lady she seems indeed to be on a very different level to your Majesty," said Holmes coldly. "I am sorry that I have not been able to bring your Majesty's business to a more successful conclusion."

"On the contrary, my dear sir," cried the King; "nothing could be more successful. I know that her word is inviolate. The photograph is now as safe as if it were in the fire."

"I am glad to hear your Majesty say so."

"I am immensely indebted to you. Pray tell me in what way I can reward you. This ring —" He slipped an emerald snake ring from his finger and held it out upon the palm of his hand.

"Your Majesty has something which I should value even more highly," said Holmes.

"You have but to name it."

"This photograph!"

The King stared at him in amazement.

"Irene's photograph!" he cried. "Certainly, if you wish it."

"I thank your Majesty. Then there is no more to be done in the matter. I have the honour to wish you a very good-morning." He bowed, and, turning away without observing the hand which the King had stretched out to him, he set off in my company for his chambers.

And that was how a great scandal threatened to affect the kingdom of Bohemia, and how the best plans of Mr. Sherlock Holmes were beaten by a woman's wit. He used to make merry over the cleverness of women, but I have not heard him do it of late. And when he speaks of Irene Adler, or when he refers to her photograph, it is always under the honourable title of *the* woman.

HARRY RIDDLE (*continued from page* 10)

"Yes, It is one of the cards we use at the bank to record the balances of depositors."

Swanson handed him the card. "Will you read the name on the card, please?"

"Sam Hiff."

"Now will you read the balance which is recorded there?"

"$14,896.20."

"The State offers this card in evidence as Exhibit A," said Swanson.

"I object, your worship," I cried, rising to my feet.

"Ah, shaddup," said Judge Schram.

"Your witness," said Swanson to me.

"No questions," I said, for indeed I could not think of any.

Miss Geddes adjusted her skirt.

Swanson then called in rapid succession the cashier of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, who testified that Hiff had $9,106.53 on deposit there, the cashier of the Main Street Savings Bank, who testified that Hiff had $4,653.08 on deposit there, the cashier of the Commercial Bank and Trust Company, who testified that Hiff had $17,094.80 on deposit there, a man named One-Eye Harrison, who testified that he was employed in a billiard parlor owned by Hiff, a man named Brains Ellingboe, who testified that he was employed in a pinball-machine business owned by Hiff, a man named Dirtyface Hogan, who testified that he was employed in a bar and grill owned by Hiff, and landlord of the Elmhurst Park Towers, who testified that Hiff paid $400 a month for his quarters in that apartment house, the manager of the Bon-Ton Furniture Emporium, who testified that Hiff had paid him $8,965.38 to furnish his apartment, and the manager of the Bicycle Playing Cards Corporation, who testified that Hiff had ordered a boxcar of pinochle decks from him.

Although I was sure that there was some simple explanation to account for all the facts brought out by these witnesses, I could not for the moment think of it and I was forced to let them all go without cross-examination. I kept patting Hiff's arm reassuringly through all the testimony, but he did not seem to take much comfort from it. He sat slack-jawed and dull-eyed — until the State called Esme Geddes to the stand. Then he perked up.

"Lookit, hey," he said eagerly to me as Miss Geddes took the witness chair. "Now there is my idea of a real piece."

It was mine too, frankly, but I should not have put it so vulgarly. Miss Geddes did not have the spare frame that is so highly regarded by modern young women; she had instead a toothsome sleekness. There was flesh on this girl, and although it did not sag, there was no place on her body that would not provide satisfaction to a man bent on pinching. Her face was round and pert, with full, soft lips and eyes of deep blue. Her hair was the color of honey.

A young woman of Miss Geddes' contours would ordinarily give the impression of voluptuousness, even carnality. Not so Miss Geddes. There was a levelness in her blue eyes, an attitude in her erect carriage that spoke only of good breeding, of honesty, straightforwardness, principle, and dignity. A fine young woman, it was clear. A noble young woman; an American princess.

"Did you ever see a pair of knockers like that in your life?" asked Hiff.

As a matter of fact, I had not, but I did not reply.

Miss Geddes settled herself in the witness chair and pulled her simple but expensive frock over her knees. She took the oath, Judge Schram pinched her, and Swanson began the questioning.

"Your name is Esme Geddes?"

"Yes."

"And you are with the county welfare board?"

"Yes."

"What kind of work do you do for the country welfare board?"

"Investigating relief clients, mainly. Sometimes I am sent out to shame an unwed mother, but mainly I investigate relief clients."

"You were the investigator in the case of the defendant Hiff?"

"Yes. We became suspicious after he had called for his relief check several times in a chauffeur-driven car."

"Did you go to the defendant Hiff's apartment at the Elmhurst Park Towers?"

"Yes."

"Will you describe the apartment for his honor and the jury?"

"I cannot recommend its decor, but I am sure it was very expensively furnished. The marble bathtub in the living room alone must have cost ten thousand dollars."

"How did the defendant Hiff greet you when you arrived?"

"He kissed my hand."

"Romance 'em, I always say," said Hiff, tugging my arm. "A broad likes to be romanced, I don't care who it is."

I jerked my sleeve distastefully from his grasp.

"Then what happened, Miss Geddes?"

"I asked him why he was on relief."

"What did he say?"

" He said he was out of work."

"What did you say?"

"I asked him what kind of work he did."

"What did he say?"

"He said he was a horsecar conductor."

"What did you say?"

"I asked him if he had tried to find another job."

"What did he say?"

"He said: 'What do you want to be a nosy Parker for? Sit down and I'll fix you a drink. You'll feel like a new broad.'"

"What did you say?"

"I declined with thanks."

"What did he say?"

"He pushed me down on a twenty-four-foot divan covered in cloth of gold and started to make advances."

"Yup," nodded Hiff. "That's what I did, hey."

I growled in my throat; there was a red film over my eyes.

"What did you say?"

"I said: 'Whatever can you be thinking of, Mr. Hiff?'"

"What did he say?"

"He did not answer the question but grasped me about the neck and proceeded to conduct himself in a most ungentlemanly manner."

That was too much. Seizing a volume of **Corpus Juris** which was lying on the defense table, I swung it with all my force into the mouth of the defendant Hiff. "You cad!" I shrieked. "You unspeakable, unspeakable cad!" I threw him to the floor and leaped up and down on his head. He scrambled to his feet and tried to run from the room, but I threw a small juror at him and knocked him down again. I should have certainly killed him had I not been overcome by several bailiffs.

At length I was quieted and placed in a restraining jacket to await contempt proceedings and disbarment. A bus boy in a cafeteria may never realize great wealth, but it is a secure and honorable position — and not entirely void of possibilities for future advancement.

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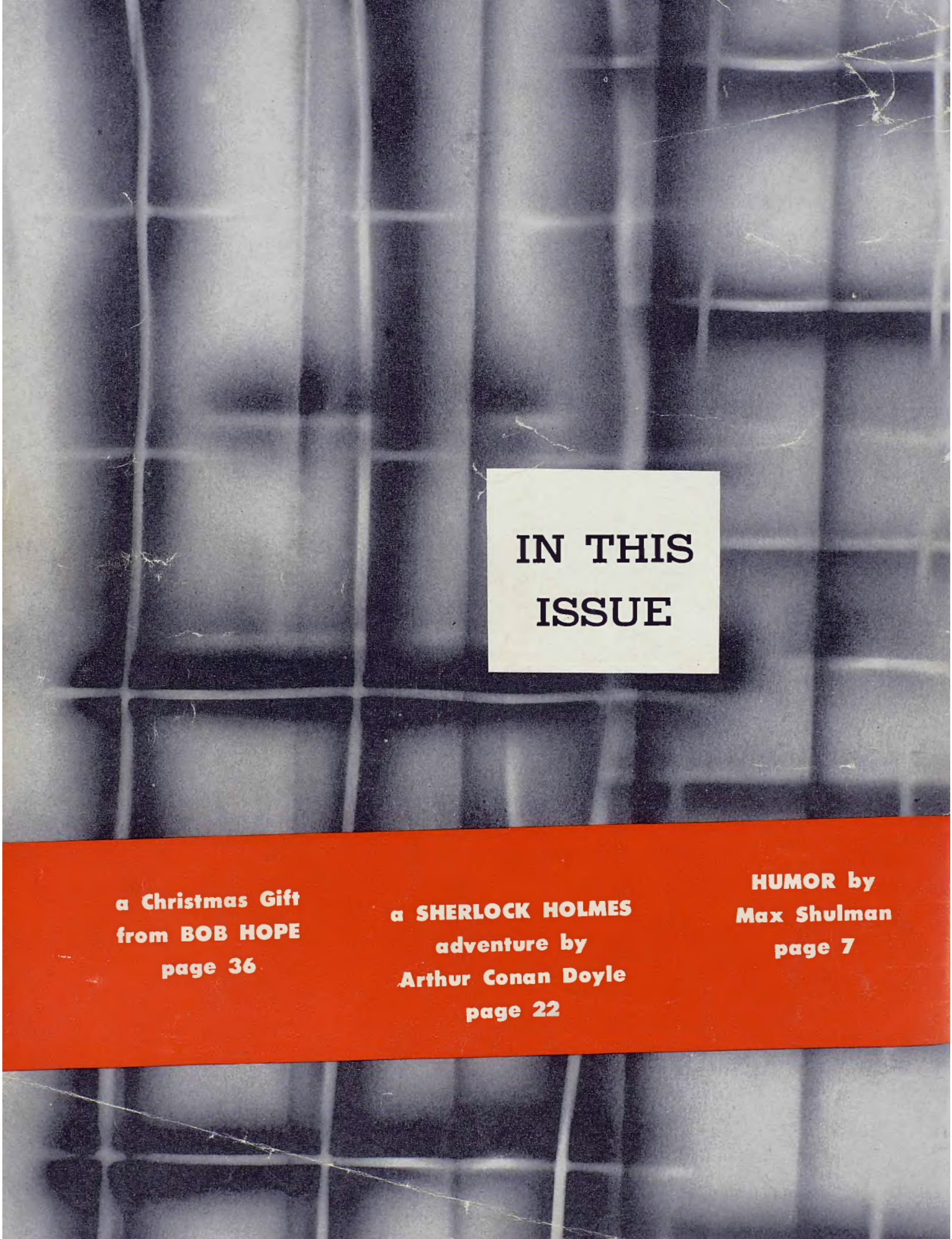

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